SAN FRANCISCO PUBLIC LIBRARY
3 1 [illegible] 9360

3 1223 00295 9360

973 B233h
Barber
Historical, poetical and
pictorial American 104894

MAIN LIBRARY

973 B233H 104894

FORM 3431 8-52

DATE DUE

APR 19 '84

JUN 16 1995

201-6503

Printed in USA

TRUTH

All glorious Truth! thy radiant light
Dispels the dark sulphurious gloom of night;
Firm as a rock that rears its ancient head,
With deep foundation laid on ocean's bed:
Though lightnings flash, though seas and thunders roar,
Thou wilt remain when Time shall be no more.

HISTORICAL

POETICAL & PICTORIAL

AMERICAN SCENES.

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

PUBLISHED BY J. W. BARBER.

HISTORICAL,

POETICAL AND PICTORIAL

AMERICAN SCENES;

PRINCIPALLY

MORAL AND RELIGIOUS;

BEING A SELECTION OF

INTERESTING INCIDENTS IN AMERICAN HISTORY:

TO WHICH IS ADDED

A HISTORICAL SKETCH OF EACH OF THE

UNITED STATES.

By JOHN W BARBER,
(Author of Connecticut and Massachusetts Hist. Collections,)
AND ELIZABETH G. BARBER.

NEW HAVEN, CONN.:
PUBLISHED FOR J. H. BRADLEY.
1851.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1850,
By JOHN W. BARBER,
In the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the District of Conn.

973
B233h
104894

Stereotyped by J. H. BENHAM,
New Haven, Conn.

PREFACE.

THE object of this work, is to present to the reader a series of Historical Incidents in American History, (some of which may not be generally known,) in an *historical*, *pictorial*, and *poetic* form. We are aware that the plan of this work differs from any we have yet seen, but we flatter ourselves that it will be found interesting and instructive.

In the historical introduction to each of the scenes described, we have aimed at accuracy and simplicity; in the lines that follow, there is, of course, latitude given to introduce moral and religious reflections. Whatever we have advanced of this nature, we trust will be found in accordance with the great and vital principles of Christianity. Instead of glorifying mere military heroes, as is too often the case among all nations, we have aimed to give prominence to men who practised the virtues of Christianity. Such men only are the real patriots and nobles of the human race, and such only are worthy of lasting remembrance.

In some instances, in the composition of the stanzas, we have not hesitated to use the language, or mode of expression used by others, whenever it would forcibly convey what we wished to present. Simple illustrations

of the great truths of religion and morality have been aimed at, rather than originality of thought, or elegance of diction. As this work is of an historical nature, it was deemed proper to add a short historical sketch of the history of each State, to which is prefixed the "armorial bearings," or "*coat of arms*" of each State, in a more perfect form, it is thought, than they ever yet have been exhibited.

Whatever may be thought of this work as a mere literary production, we have aimed to produce strictly an AMERICAN BOOK, the influence of which, we trust, will be found on the side of "God and humanity;" and we believe some part of it, at least, will, in some form, live, after we, father and daughter, have left these mortal scenes.

J. W. B.
E. G. B.

NEW HAVEN, CONN., April, 1850.

CONTENTS.

	Page.
The Pilgrim Fathers,	7
Ancient Church of Jamest'n,	10
Pocahontas,	13
The Indian Mother,	14
Massasoit,	16
The Grave of Lady Fenwick,	18
First Settlers of Connecticut,	20
Roger Williams,	24
The Regicide Judges,	26
Deliverance of Hadley,	29
Preservation of Mr. Stoddard,	32
William Penn,	34
The Salem Martyrs,	36
The Indian Reformer,	38
Destruction of D'Anville's Fleet,	40
Zinzendorf,	42
Rescue of Major Putnam,	46
The True Wife and Mother,	48
The Mother's Voice,	51
Col. Boone's First View of Kentucky,	54
Anthony Benezet,	56
Founding of Dartmouth College,	58
Washington's Acknowledgment,	60
Gen. Reed refusing the Bribe,	62
Passing the Delaware,	64
Washington at Morristown,	67
Funeral of Gen. Frazer,	69
Count Donop,	72
Death of Baron DeKalb,	75
Moravian Indian Martyrs,	77
Prince Gallitzin,	80
Council of the Mohawk Women,	82
Campbell's Grave,	85
The Western Missionary,	88
Perilous Passage on the Lakes,	90
Shenandoa, the Oneida Chief,	93
First Born of the Reserve,	96
Han Yerry,	98
The Indian Blessing on New Jersey,	100
The Mother Perishing with Cold,	102
Church in the Wilderness,	104
Thanksgiving,	106

	Page.
MAINE,	109
NEW HAMPSHIRE,	111
VERMONT,	113
MASSACHUSETTS,	115
RHODE ISLAND,	117
CONNECTICUT,	119
NEW YORK,	121
NEW JERSEY,	123
PENNSYLVANIA,	125
DELAWARE,	127
MARYLAND,	129
VIRGINIA,	131
NORTH CAROLINA,	133
SOUTH CAROLINA,	135
GEORGIA,	137
FLORIDA,	139
ALABAMA,	141
MISSISSIPPI,	143
LOUISIANA,	145
OHIO,	147
KENTUCKY,	149
TENNESSEE,	151
MICHIGAN,	153
INDIANA,	155
ILLINOIS,	156
MISSOURI,	158
ARKANSAS,	160
TEXAS,	161
WISCONSIN,	163
IOWA,	165
CALIFORNIA,	166
OREGON,	167
NEW MEXICO,	167
MINNESOTA,	168
DESERET,	168
Discoveries and Settlements,	169
War of the Revolution,	173
One of Many,	177

INTERESTING EVENTS, ANTIQUITIES, &c.

Round Tower at Newport,	181
Mortal Sickness among the Indians,	183
Pequot Expedition,	185
Death of Marquette,	187
First Settlers of Granville,	189
Attack on Brookfield,	192
Destruction of Schenectady,	194
Escape of the Dustan Family,	196
Burial of Mr. Treat,	198
Swedish Church at Wilmington,	200
Church of the Blind Preacher,	202

Landing of the Fathers at Plymouth, 1620.

THE PILGRIM FATHERS.

THE Colony at Plymouth, Mass., was the first permanent European settlement in New England. It was planted principally for the sake of the free and undisturbed enjoyment of religious liberty. Being persecuted in England, their native country, they went to Holland in 1608, where they remained till they sailed for America. Having procurred two small ships, they departed from Leyden, after having kept a day of fasting and prayer, with Mr. Robinson, their pastor, for God to direct them on their way. They proceeded to *Plymouth*, Eng., one of their ships being condemned, the other, called the *May Flower*, crowded with passengers, about one hundred in number, put to sea, September 6th. After a long and dangerous passage, they arrived at Cape Cod, November 9th. After exploring the country, they finally landed at a place they called Plymouth, on the 22d of December, 1620. The anniversary of their landing is celebrated by their descendants as a religious festival.

DARK was the day with storms! Old ocean rolled in foam, and dashed its madd'ning billows on the shore. Deep moaned the ancient forests to the

wintry winds. Their naked limbs they stretch towards heaven and shiver in the northern blast. The green earth, seared by frosts, is stiff with ice, and white with snow.

In by-gone years these western shores were one vast wild. The ravening beast, or man more savage still, roamed in the forest shade and on the misty hill. ——— A snow white sail is seen towards the rising sun. A feeble band is on the rolling surge. Westward the dove-like sail pursues its way. 'Tis like the star of heaven amid the shadowy clouds, the harbinger of day.

A germ of mighty Empire moves within that fragile bark. The noblest born of earth are there ; the men of soul who go where duty leads, against a world in arms. Dauntless in Freedom's holy cause, their eye on heaven, they quail not 'neath a tyrants' power The mighty God alone they fear, and him they love.

They near the icy shore. No rolling drum, nor thundering cannon speak them near. Angelic spirits hover round, and guard their onward way. The ocean Eagle soared above the foaming waves to see a sight so strange. The stormy sea in its far distant roar, gave forth its note of joy. The gently waving pine, with its soft, solemn music, vast and deep, murmured a pleasant welcome.

Amid the forest gloom, far from their father land, they stand undaunted. The sea bird's scream, the wolf howl, and the yells of savage men around are heard. In God's Great Temple, in the open air, they call on Him they love, to guard them from the dangers pressing nigh. Their prayer is heard. They raise their notes of joy. Their music sweet, is borne by winds along, and the wild woods repeat their hymn of praise !

No glittering mines of gold allured them to this distant shore. They sought their wealth above, and "Freedom to worship God" on earth. No warrior's crown, nor Fame's loud trumpet blast, impelled them onward. They sought a brighter, yea, a holier, heavenly crown of life, undimmed by tears and blood. They sought their honor from above, unsoiled, and lasting as eternal years.

The times of old have rolled away! the ashes of the Pilgrims rest beneath the soil they trod. Their spirit lives and broods around. Their sons still westward press their way. The forests dark and wild, still fall before them. The yellow grain, waving in summer glow, and golden corn ripening in the autumnal sun, stands thick around. The heaven-ward pointing village spire is seen on hill and dale. The Star of Empire rises in the mighty West!

Green is the earth o'er the Pilgrim graves, but greener and brighter grows their fame. The hate of despots can not blast, nor purblind bigot zeal tarnish the brightness of their honored names. Their record is secure on high: an adamantine tower resting on ocean's bed, 'gainst which the angry surges roar, and foam, and dash in vain!

In Freedom's holy cause, our Fathers suffered, toiled, and died. The story spreads and widens with advancing years. In regions yet unknown, where the wild Indian roams, their names will yet be known, and their example tell on generations yet unborn. A mighty host shall yet arise towards the setting sun, on to the broad Pacific sea, who will with thrilling accents celebrate that day when the lone Pilgrim band first trod the ice-bound shore!

J. W. B.

Ruins of the Church at Jamestown.

ANCIENT CHURCH AT JAMESTOWN.

Jamestown, in Virginia, the first permanent British settlement in North America, was founded by Capt. John Smith and his companions, May 13th, 1607. The only vestiges of this ancient town are the remains of the church steeple or tower, about thirty feet in height, and a disordered group of tomb stones. The precise date when this church was erected can not now be ascertained, but it is supposed to have been nearly two hundred and forty years since. This place has been the scene of many interesting events in the early history of Virginia.

Old church! beside thy ruined walls
The same bright waters flow,
And still the golden sunlight falls
On thee, as long ago,
When first amid the solemn wood,
Thy walls in stately beauty stood.

But thou art crumbling to decay,
  This moss grown arch alone
Tells of the centuries passed away,
  The generations flown;
The "dark brown years" with storm and blast,
And withering blight, have o'er thee passed.

Where roams the dusky chieftain now?
  Where blaze the council fires;
And where the race of paler brow,
  Virginia's noble sires?
The groups who filled yon house of prayer?
Echo repeats, and answers "Where?"

Lone relic of a by-gone age;
  The traveler seems to see
The story traced on History's page,
  Revived again by thee:
The by-gone years return once more,
When first the white man trod the shore.

The gallant ship again has sped,
  Her course the ocean o'er;
The snowy sails once more are spread
  By old Powhatan's shore;
He seems to see its gallant band
Tread the fair soil of this new land.

He seems to see the group that bowed,
  Old church, to worship here;
The stately forms of rulers proud,

The gallant cavalier;
The flower of England's chivalry,
Youth, beauty, age and infancy.

Here Pocahontas kneels again
To take the holy vow;
And here Powhatan with his train
Of warriors mingles now;
And gallant Rolfe, here claims his bride,
The Indian Princess by his side.

Old church, the Fathers long have slept,
They moulder now with thee;
Above thine ancient walls have swept
The waves of Time's broad sea;
Of spire and aisle and arch bereft,
But little now of thee is left.

So earth at last must pass away,
Each stately tower and dome;
Its castles proud, its ruins gray;
All frail as ocean's foam,
Swept on by Time's resistless sea,
And lost in vast eternity.

But humble hearts that gathered here,
Shall rise in that great day,
When the Almighty shall appear,
And earth shall pass away;
Above the mighty wreck shall soar
To live when "time shall be no more."

E. G B.

POCAHONTAS.

In the preceding stanzas, the marriage of Pocahontas with Mr. Rolfe is introduced. The following account of this Indian princess, is from Allen's American Biographical Dictionary.

"Pocahontas, daughter of Powhattan, emperor of the Indians of Virginia, was born about the year 1595. When Captain Smith was taken prisoner in 1607, and it was determined that he should be put to death, his head was placed upon two large stones at the feet of Powhattan, that a number of Indians, who stood ready with lifted clubs, might beat out his brains. At this moment, Pocahontas rushed to the spot and placed her own head upon his. From regard to his daughter, the savage king spared his life. In 1609, when but fourteen years of age, she went to Jamestown, in a dreary night, and unfolded to Captain Smith a plot, which the Indians had formed for the extermination of the English, and thus at the hazard of her life saved them from destruction. In 1612, after Captain Smith left the colony, she was, for a bribe of a copper kettle, betrayed into the hands of Captain Argal, and detained a prisoner, that better terms of peace might be made with her father. He offered five hundred bushels of corn for his daughter, but before this negotiation was completed, a different and more interesting one had commenced. A mutual attachment had sprung up between her and Mr. Thomas Rolfe, an Englishman of good character, and with the consent of Powhattan they were married. This event restored peace, and secured it for many years. Pocahontas soon made a profession of Christianity and was baptized. In 1616 she accompanied her husband to England, where she was received with distinction at court. It is said, that king James expressed great indignation, that one of his subjects would dare to marry into a royal family. As she was about to embark for Virginia, in 1617, she died at Gravesend, aged about twenty-two years. She is represented as a pious Christian. She left one son, Thomas Rolfe; and from his daughter descended some of the most respectable families in Virginia."

THE INDIAN MOTHER.

Pammehanuit, an Indian of distinction, with his wife on Martha's Vineyard, having lost five children within ten days of their birth, had a sixth child born about the year 1638, a few years before the English first settled on the Island. The mother, greatly distressed with fear that she should lose this child also, and utterly despairing of all human help, took up her little son, and went into the fields to weep, alone. While here, it was powerfully impressed upon her mind, that there is one Great Almighty Being, who was to be prayed to for help. She accordingly called on this God for mercy, and dedicated her child to him. It lived, and afterwards became an eminent minister of Christ to the Indians.

The Indian Mother mourns her children gone,
For one by one, to fell disease a prey;
Quickly they faded in life's earliest morn,
And only one is left to cheer her way.

She looks upon her child: must he too leave
Her lonely home for yonder spirit land?

Must she be left alone on earth to grieve,
Bereft of all her smiling household band?

Is there no help? her anxious heart inquires:
In vain the Indian Powaw tries his skill:
No savage rite his demon God inspires,
The mother's heart is sad and cheerless still.

Despairingly she wanders with her boy,
Through lonely fields, in sorrow and forlorn,
When suddenly a blessed gleam of joy
Breaks on her darkened soul like rays of morn.

"Oh yes! there must be one who rules above,
The Great Good Spirit yet unknown to me,
The Lord of all, a God of boundless love,
The mighty maker of the earth and sea.

He made the sun to rise from ocean's bed,
And sink behind the western hills at night:
He makes the moon her silver light to shed,
The twinkling stars to shine with radiance bright.

By him the earth in summer verdure glows,
The forest boughs with smiling green are spread:
The yellow corn in plenty he bestows,
He guards his chosen ones and gives them bread.

He feeds the little birds that skim the air,
The fishes gliding through the limpid wave:
His goodness and his love are every where,
On him I call, for he alone can save.

True faith was this, of that untutored mind,
Though long in darkness she had blindly trod,
The child she freely thus to Heaven resigned,
Was spared to be a servant of his God.

MASSASOIT, THE INDIAN SACHEM.

In 1623, Massasoit, the Indian Prince of Sachem, of the Massachusetts Indians, being sick, the Governor of Plymouth Colony sent Edward Winslow and Jonn Hambden to make him a visit. They arrived at the Sachem's house about midnight, and found him surrounded by his people, using their charms and incantations, with hideous noises, in order for his recovery. He was so far exhausted that his sight was gone, but on being informed that two of his English friends had come, he desired to speak with Mr. Winslow, regretting that he could never see him more. Mr. Winslow then carefully administered cordials which he had brought with him, which operated kindly, and soon restored his sight and strength. Upon his recovery he said, "Now I know the English are my friends and love me, and I shall never forget their kindness." In gratitude to his English friends, he disclosed a plot which the Indians had formed to destroy them. This timely notice probably saved the colony from destruction.

Stretched on a bed of pain, the Sachem lay,
Great Massasoit, to fell disease a prey.

Darkness broods round ! his soul is filled with fears,
Save ! Great Spirit save ! for death appears.

With savage rites, his tribe a clamorous crowd,
Have gathered round with innovations loud ;
Louder, and louder rose the horrid strain,
The chieftain suffers still, and all is vain.

" His eyes are dim, no more will he behold
The king of day, with beams of brightest gold :
The silver moon, the lake, the rock-bound shore,
The smiling woodland, he will see no more.

No longer shall he seek the forest shade,
Or hunt the deer within the greenwood glade ;
In love he ruled the warriors of his race,
But death is near ! who ? who shall fill his place ?"

So spake his people, as they gathered round
To see him die ; but hark ! what sudden sound
Of unexpected joy is heard this hour ?
Rejoice ! the white men come with healing power.

They come in mercy, and with skillful hand,
Beside the chieftain's couch, the travelers stand ;
With soothing care the fell disease is stayed,
And gratefully, the chieftain owns their aid.

" The white men are my friends, they love me well !
In peace and love we will together dwell "
No more will we against the white man plot,
His deed of kindness, shall not be forgot."

The vow was kept, and as the years rolled round,
In Massasoit a faithful friend they found ;
He ne'er forgot the white man's kindly deed,
The aid they gave him in his hour of need.

Monument of Lady Fenwick, Saybrook, Conn.

THE GRAVE OF LADY FENWICK.

At the mouth of Connecticut River, about forty rods south of the remains of Saybrook Fort, is a sort of tabular monument erected over the remains of Lady Anne Botcler or Butler, the wife of Col. Fenwick, the commander of the fort at Saybrook Point. This lady was the daughter of an English nobleman, and consequently retained her maiden name. She accompanied her husband into this then wilderness, and lived in a rude fort, surrounded by hostile savages. She died in 1648, and was buried on a small elevation called "Tomb Hill," near the water. Her husband afterwards returned to England, and was appointed one of the Judges for the trial of Charles I.

"The dark brown years have passed over it: she sleeps alone, far from the land of her Fathers, 'at the noise of the sounding surge!' Her tomb is seen by the mariner, as he passes by on the dark rolling sea!"

Ossian.

Not in a sunny vale
That blooms in beauty in her native isle,
Not in the heart of some secluded dale,
Where the blue skies with gentle radiance smile.

Not in some stately pile,
Or gorgeous vault beneath her castle home ;
Not in the Abbey's dim and shadowy aisle,
Where anthems peal through fretted arch and dome.

No ! they have made her grave
Afar, alone ! beside the rolling surge,
Where ocean birds their dusky pinions lave,
And foaming billows sound her ceaseless dirge !

Far out upon the wave
Where the wild breezes fill the snowy sail,
The hardy mariner makes her lonely grave,
And hears her requiem in the stormy gale.

Far from her native land,
Like some fair flower, she slowly drooped and died,
The fairest, frailest, 'mid the Pilgrim band,
The gentle daughter of a house of pride.

What though no costly shrine
Her hallowed dust with stately pomp should grace,
The daughter of a long ancestral line,
Has won a holier, nobler resting place.

For lofty hearts and true,
Their holiest tribute to her memory paid ;
Hands strong, the spirits high commands to do,
'Mid prayers and tears her resting place have made.

There let her calmly sleep,
Where the dark wave her ceaseless requiem sighs,
Till the last Trump shall break that slumber deep,
And she with myriad hosts of earth shall rise !

E. G. B.

Mr. Hooker and his Congregation passing through the Wilderness.

FIRST SETTLERS OF CONNECTICUT.

About the beginning of June, 1636, the Rev. Messrs. Hooker and Stone, with their congregation of about one hundred men, women and children, took their departure from Cambridge, near Boston, Mass., and traveled more than two hundred miles, through a trackless wilderness, to Hartford, Conn. They had no guide but their compass, and made their way over mountains, through swamps, thickets and rivers, which were passed with great difficulty. They had no cover but the heavens, nor any lodgings but those that simple nature afforded them. Mrs. Hooker, being feeble, was carried upon a horse litter; the company were nearly a fortnight upon their journey. "This adventure was the more remarkable, as many of this company were persons of figure, who had lived in England, in honor, affluence and delicacy, and were entire strangers to fatigue and danger." "The forest through which they passed, for the first time resounded with the praises of God; the Indians following them in silent admiration."

Beneath the deep and verdant shade,
Amid a new found land,

Through forests wild, the wand'rers strayed,
A Pilgrim exile band.

The magic needle for their guide,
The changeless Polar star,
They wandered on, through paths untried,
To seek a home afar.

And manhood's stately form was there,
Fair childhood with its glee,
And tottering age with hoary hair,
And smiling infancy.

And gentle woman with her smile,
Cheered danger's darkest hour,
Who bloomed of old in Britain's isle,
Of princely halls the flower.

And one, a suffering one and meek,
They bore o'er hill and dale,
While o'er her pale and sunken cheek
Swept evening's chilling gale.

O'er rock and hill, by stream and glade,
Through arches deep and high,
Where gorgeous hues of forest shade,
First met their wondering eye.

The forest monarchs stood in bands,
The stately oak and pine,
And spread abroad their leafy hands,
Like priests at nature's shrine.

And there, like incense, softly rose
The strains of prayer and praise,
And broke the Sabbath like repose
With soft harmonious lays.

And oft as evening's purple shade
Was lost in twilight dim,
Together in the forest glade
They sang their evening hymn.

And when the rosy morning woke
The Pilgrim's song of praise,
There on the Indian's ear first broke,
In sweet harmonious lays.

And here the child of dusky brow,
Who long in darkness trod,
First learned in humble faith to bow,
And seek the Pilgrim's God.

Fair native land! what led them thence,
The dazzling lure of gold?
The thrilling tales of eloquence,
That Poet lips have told?

Nay! one whose name to song is dear,
Through many a land abroad,
Hath told what turned their footsteps here,
"*Freedom to worship God!*"

E. G. B.

Thomas Hooker, the first minister in the colony of Connecticut, was born in Leicestershire, England, in 1586, and was educated at Emanuel College, Cambridge. After preaching for some time in London and Chelmesford, he was silenced for his non-conformity. He came to New England in 1633, in company with Mr. Cotton and Mr. Stone. He had great influence in establishing the order of the churches in Connecticut. He was remarkable in his manner of preaching. With a loud voice, an expressive countenance, and a most commanding presence, he preached with a zeal and energy seldom equaled. He appeared with such majesty in the pulpit, that it was pleasantly said of him that "he could put a king in his pocket." He died of an epidemic fever, July 7th, 1647. As he lay on his death bed, one of his weeping friends said to him, "Sir, you are going to receive the reward of all your labors." "Brother," he replied, "I am going to receive mercy."

Samuel Stone, the *teacher* of the church at Hartford, and colleague to Mr. Hooker, was born at Hartford, England, and died July 20th, 1663. "While he was regarded as one of the most accurate and acute disputants of his day, he was also celebrated for his wit and humor. Dr. Mather says of him, 'He was an extraordinary person at an argument; and as clear and smart a disputant, as most that ever lived in the world." The following inscription is on the monument erected to his memory at Hartford.

"New England's glory and her radiant crowne,
Was he who now in softest bed of downe,
Til glorious resurrection morne appeare
Doth safely, sweetly sleep in Jesus here.
Tis known beyond compare he did excell;
Errors corrupt by sinewous dispute
He oppugne and clearly them confute;
Above all things he Christ his Lord prefer'd
Hartford, thy richest jewel's here inter'd."

ROGER WILLIAMS.

Roger Williams, the founder of Rhode Island, was one of the early Puritan ministers who came over to New England. As some of his religious sentiments differed from most of those by whom he was surrounded, and as he refused to cease preaching to them, he was banished from the colony. In the depth of winter, in 1636, he was obliged to leave his family in Salem, Mass., and return into the wilderness of Rhode Island, where he might enjoy religious freedom unmolested. Here he fixed upon a spot, which in grateful remembrance of "God's merciful providence to him in his distress," gave the name of Providence. His memory is deserving of lasting honor for the liberty and generous toleration which he gave "to all sorts of consciences," and for his kindness and benevolence to the native Indians, and all others with whom he was connected.

Williams, a name to human freedom dear,
True noble of the human race:
Firm in the truth of God, he feels no fear,
Though danger stares him in the face.

Freedom to think, to act, and worship God,
The great Creator gives to man:
Frail man would o'er his brother hold the rod,
And tell him where to pray, and when.

"Freedom to worship God," for this to gain,
Williams retires into the wilderness;
'Mid wintry snows he feels that God is near,
To kindly cheer him and to bless.

That God who kindly fed in times of old,
By ravens, in the desert wild and wide,
Doth keep his servant in these western wilds,
And all his wants are well supplied.

He builds his cottage in a lonely place,
Trusting in God for his defence;
Religious freedom kindly gives to all,
And founds his city PROVIDENCE.

From Persecution's fierce and cruel power,
A place of Refuge here is found:
To worship God as conscience prompts the soul:
Oh call it "high and holy ground!"

Oh haste the hour, when persecuting men
No more shall curse the earth abroad,
When bigot fire and flames, no more consume
The servants of the living God.

Great Power above! oh give us all to feel
Thee still our Father and our Guide;
Be thou our Light through this dark wilderness,
For all is dark and drear beside.

The Judges Cave, New Haven.

THE REGICIDE JUDGES.

On the restoration of monarchy in England, the Judges who condemned King Charles I. to death, were obliged to flee the kingdom to save their lives. General Goffe and Whalley, two of the judges, made their escape to New England in 1660, but were compelled to live in great secrecy to prevent being apprehended by the King's commissioners. Sometimes they were hid in cellars, by the colonists who secretly befriended them, other times they would resort to the woods, caves, and other hiding places. They concealed themselves for a while, in a kind of a cave or aperture beneath some detached rocks near the summit of West Rock, about two miles from New Haven, Conn. This place is now called the *Judges Cave*, and on one of the rocks is inscribed "*Opposition to Tyrants is obedience to God.*" If tradition be correct, their remains now rest near those of Col. Dixwell, back of the Center Church, in New Haven.

On the mountain, stern and high,
Bleak and lonely lies the cave,
Giant rocks around it lie,
Forest trees around it wave.

And the river far below,
Narrowed to a silver thread,
And the fields in summer's glow,
Far before the eye are spread.

While the city's distant spires,
And the blue and rolling bay,
Glisten in the crimson fires,
Kindled at the close of day.

Many a score of years ago,
Wilder scenes then met the eye,
Of the two who looked below,
From their rocky fortress high.

Lonely was the view, and wild,
And the exile's cave was bleak,
Rocks by Nature rudely piled
Formed the home, they came to seek.

Wintry winds came howling by,
Storms would in their midst intrude,
And the panther's gleaming eye,
Looked upon their solitude.

Outcasts from their place of birth,
Like the holy men of old!
In the dens and caves of earth,
Parched with thirst, and chilled by cold.

Nobles of the Pilgrim race,
Fame like theirs will ne'er decay:
Still is seen their hiding place,
But the exiles, where are they?

Still the Pilgrim's burial ground,
Keeps their ashes in its trust,
Hoary age, the spot has crowned
Earth to earth! and dust to dust!

Earth shall keep their precept still,
"That to brave the tyrant's rod,
With a firm unfettered will,
Is obedience to God."

E. G. B.

One of the Regicides, Col. John Dixwell, resided in New Haven, Conn., for a long period, under the assumed name of James Davids. He was married in this place, and left a wife and two children. At his death, he discovered his true character to the people. Fearing his enemies might dishonor his ashes, he requested that only a plain stone might be erected, inscribed with his initials, J. D., Esq., with his age and time of his death. After a lapse of one hundred and sixty-one years, on Nov. 22, 1849, his remains were disinterred by his relatives, and re-committed to the earth, back of the Center Church, standing on the public square or green. A tasteful and durable monument is placed over his remains. The inscription on the east side, is as follows, viz.

John Dixwell, a zealous patriot—a sincere christian, an honest man, he was faithful to duty through good and through evil report, and having lost fortune, position and home in the cause of his country, and of human rights, found shelter and sympathy here, among the fathers of New England. His descendants have erected this monument as a tribute of respect to his memory, and as a grateful record of the generous protection extended to him, by the early inhabitants of *New Haven*. Erected, A. D. 1849.

Inscription on the west side:

Here rest the remains of John Dixwell, Esq., of the Priory of Folkestone, in the county of Kent, England, of a family long prominent in Kent, and Warwickshire, and himself possessing large estates, and much influence in his country; he espoused the popular cause in the revolution of 1640. Between 1640 and 1660, he was colonel in the army, an active member of four parliaments, thrice in the council of state, and one of the high court which tried and condemned *King Charles the First*. At the restoration of the monarchy, he was compelled to leave his country; and after a brief residence in Germany, came to New Haven, and here lived in seclusion, but enjoying the esteem and friendship of the most worthy citizens, till his death in 1688–9.

Gen. Goffe repulsing the Indians.

DELIVERANCE OF HADLEY.

When Gen. Goffe, one of the judges of King Charles I, was secreted in Hadley, Mass., in September, 1675, the Indians attacked the town, while the inhabitants were at public worship. The men immediately took to their arms, but were soon thrown into the utmost confusion, till Goffe, entirely unknown to them, white with age, of a commanding and venerable aspect, and in an unusual dress, suddenly appeared among them, encouraged the affrighted inhabitants, put himself at their head, and by his military skill, led them on to an immediate victory. After the dispersion of the enemy, he instantly disappeared. The wondering inhabitants, alike ignorant whence he came, and where he had retired, imagined him to be an angel, sent for their deliverance.

Hark! hark! the watchman's thrilling cry,
Falls wildly on the ear;
To arms! forth to the conflict fly!
To arms! the foe is near.

Pale grew the tender mother's cheek,
As silently she pressed,
With feelings words might never speak,
Her loved ones to her breast.

Now louder rose the savage yell,
The echoing woods along;
These rav'ning wolves, who, who can quell?
For they are fierce and strong.

Unused to mortal, savage strife,
Pale grew the Pilgrim's brow:
Disordered now he strives for life,
Oh! who shall save him now!

The man of God has bowed him there,
His flock around him press;
Wilt thou not hear thy servant's prayer,
While in this wilderness?

"Save us, O God! our Father, save,"
Was now the fervent cry;
"No other refuge now we have,
Swift to our rescue fly!"

The prayer is heard! a form is seen
Amid the frighted band,
Firm as a rock, bold and serene,
With flashing sword in hand!

His waving locks are snowy white,
Made venerable by time;
And yet his eye is keen and bright
As that of manhood's prime.

"Courage! cheer up! ye pilgrim band!"
His tones are loud and clear,
Like one accustomed to command,
He stands unflinching here.

"Stand here! stand there! and thus control
These furious men of blood:"
Unwonted courage nerves the soul
Of him who trusts in God.

"Our leader bold! he's from above,
He bears a charmed life,"
So spake the soul that saw him move,
Unharmed amid the strife.

Awed by his mien of majesty,
The lightning of his eye;
The foe fall back in wild dismay,
They shrink, they run, they fly!

The strife is o'er! the battle plain
The Pilgrim band has won;
But wonderingly, they look in vain
For him who led them on.

Mysteriously the stranger came,
As strange his flight had been;
None knew his story or his name,
Amid these wondering men:

But deemed him as an angel sent,
For their deliverance given;
While many a prayer that evening went
From thankful hearts to heaven.

PRESERVATION OF MR. STODDARD.

Solomon Stoddard was for a long period the minister of the Gospel at Northampton, Mass., where he died in 1729, in the 86th year of his age. He "possessed probably more influence than any other clergyman in the province, during a period of thirty years. Here he was regarded with a reverence which will be scarcely rendered to any other man. The very savages are said to have felt towards him a peculiar awe." It is said that once when he was passing from Northampton to Hatfield, a Frenchman, or Canadian Indian, in ambush, pointed his gun at him, but was warned by the Indians not to fire, because that man "was *Englishman's God*." He was also preserved, it is said, in a similar manner, while meditating in an orchard back of the church in Deerfield, on a sermon he was about to preach.

Unharmed where foes in ambush lay,
The man of God passed by,
Though danger frowned upon his way,
And sudden death was nigh.

For twice the foe with murderous aim
His heart a mark had made,
And twice the musket's fatal flame
The Indian's hand had stayed.

"The white man's God, thou shalt not harm,"
The dusky warrior cried;
His grasp was on his comrade's arm,
His musket turned aside.

What wondrous power is this, that charmed
The savage Indian so?
That thus the man of God, unharmed,
Should pass a lurking foe?

Oh anxious hearts! foreboding ill!
In this a lesson read;
God's love, a shield is round you still,
Where duty's path shall lead.

His presence like a wall of fire,
Will circle round your way;
With awe the fiercest heart inspire,
And hate's fell weapon stay.

Oh timid hearts! oh anxious souls!
This lesson keep in view;
He who the threatened ill controls,
Will he not care for you?

Then on! where duty's path shall lead,
Away with doubt and fear!
Stand at your post! your hour of need
Shall find a guardian near.

E. G. B.

WILLIAM PENN.

William Penn, the founder of Pennsylvania, came over to America in 1682, with a colony of Friends or Quakers. He endeavored to plant and sustain his infant colony, on the principles of *Christian Love*. He gave free toleration to all religious sects, purchased his land honestly of the Indians, and treated them kindly: and it is said that in their wars with the whites, they never killed a Quaker, knowing him to be such. He founded his capital, which he called Philadelphia, or *seat of brotherly love*. William Penn was the son of an Admiral in the English navy, who persecuted him on account of his religious sentiments. He also was imprisoned for the same cause, and suffered much in his attempts to do good to others.

Moved by the love of God and man, he turned,
A *friend* indeed from childhoods stately home,
To mingle with the few, whom pride had spurn'd,
Afar amid the western wilds to roam.

A father's angry frown he heeded not—
The world's cold taunts; the flattering voice of Fame;
But with a humble sect, he cast his lot,
And meekly bore his Master's cross of shame.

He might have won amid his native land,
A place where dazzling glories gleaming shone;
He might have swayed the sceptre of command,
With favored nobles near a kingly throne.

But loftier aspirations filled his mind,
To found an Empire where sweet peace should reign;
Friends, native land, he cheerfully resigned,
And sought a place beyond the rolling main.

Unarmed except by Love, in danger's hour,
He moved midst savage men; his power they feel;
All conquering Love! more mighty in thy power,
Than thundering cannon, or the glittering steel.

Like coals of fire, it melts the stubborn will:
Those who had lurked like tigers for their prey,
With fell design, with murderous aim to kill,
Those savage foemen quailed, and owned thy sway.

And he who wears the garb of Love may stand,
Firm as if circled by a wall of fire!
Hate will not lift 'gainst him the murderous brand,
And kindled flames of fell revenge expire!

Immortal Penn! what though a crowd unkind,
Heaped cruel insult on thine honored name,
E'en prison walls could not suffice to bind
The noble spirit, fearless still of shame.

Immortal Penn! thou hast not lived in vain,
Thy bright example still shall brightly shine,
And numerous voices here, and o'er the main,
With deathless laurels shall thy name entwine.

And thou, blest Love! descended from above,
Myriads of voices yet shall pierce the skies,
Shall sing the mighty truth, that GOD IS LOVE!
And many a *Philadelphia*, yet shall rise.

J. W. B.

THE SALEM MARTYRS.

In 1692, occurred one of the most surprising and afflicting scenes ever witnessed in New England, from the supposed prevalence of witchcraft. At this period, many learned and eminent men in England and America, fully believed in the existence of this crime. The excitement commenced in Salem and its vicinity. About one hundred persons were accused; about fifty confessed themselves guilty. Those who confessed themselves guilty of this crime, appear to have done it in order to save their lives, as they afterwards declared themselves innocent. Twenty persons were executed for practicing witchcraft, most of whom exhibited a forcible example of the strength of moral principle. It appears that if they would only confess the crime like the others, their lives might have been spared. But these martyrs, (as they may be truly called,) rather than confess what they knew to be untrue, nobly preferred to suffer death.

When the wild storm so strange, burst o'er the land,
Dark was the hour, strong was the spell,

When high and low, to false accusers gave
The hearing ear, to slanders fell.

Oh sacred love of truth divine! for thee,
Many the martyr's path have trod,
Though fire and shameful death their lot would be,
If they spoke truth before their God.

True sons and daughters of the Pilgrim race,
Their honor from above they seek;
Their life with all its charms they freely give,
Rather than lying words to speak.

Their friends with tears come round, and urge them on
To save their lives; this, this they press,
Oh own what weak and frenzied men have said,
And live your fellow men to bless.

No, no! these hero-martyrs firm replied,
Death in its shameful form we brave:
Nought but the simple truth shall pass our lips,
We can not lie our lives to save.

Oh blessed power that nerves the Christian soul;
His strength he feels is from on high:
Rather than in the least to swerve from truth,
He'll give up all, and nobly die.

Then cease to sneer, nor raise the foolish laugh,
At weakness here, wherever found;
How few in this dark world, can pierce beyond,
Bewildering mists that float around.

But look with triumph on these noble souls,
Who duty's path have nobly trod:
For truth, like those of old, they gave up life,
True martyrs of the living God.

J. W. B.

THE INDIAN REFORMER.

In the year 1745, the devoted missionary, David Brainerd, labored among the Indians in Pennsylvania. When at a considerable distance from the English settlements, he met with an Indian reformer, who, though dressed with bear skins, in a most wild and fantastic manner, with a rattle in his hand, was evidently sincere and honest in his way. Notwithstanding his outward appearance, there was much in his character which appeared christian-like. He said that he formerly lived like the rest of the Indians, but God had changed his mind and shown him what he should do. Since that time he had tried to serve him, and he loved all mankind as he never did before. He was derided by most of the Indians as a *precise zealot*. He opposed their drinking strong drink (or fire water) with all his power, and when at any time he could not prevent it, would go weeping to the woods.

In every clime, in this dark world abroad,
God can the thickest clouds dispel:
His being to the weakest mind can show,
By many signs infallible.

Oh let us not, the mercy of our God,
Confine to our own sect or place:
He is the Lord of all, of high and low,
Father of all the human race.

The Indian wild in the far lonely wood,
Feels the "Great Spirit" ever near;
His voice within he hears, and upward looks,
And calls on God, and God will hear.

This sum of heavenly truth, that "God is Love,"
On Pagan hearts this Light of day,
Pours forth new light! new Love inspires his soul,
And hateful passions die away!

He meekly strives his brethren to reclaim,
From the destructive power of sin,
To drink no more the fiery, maddening draught,
But strive to have all peace within.

But if they were to his entreaties deaf,
His soul was pained, his tears they fell;
Into the forest depths he took his way,
Before the Lord his griefs to tell.

What though his sacredotal robes may seem,
Uncouth and barbarous to our sight,
Oh judge him not severe! he fancies thus,
This mode of dress, he thinks it right.

His paler brother too, has modes and forms,
Of priestly dress: in various ways,
Attracts the notice of his fellow men,
As fancy, or as fashion sways.

With equal eye, the Father of us all,
Whether in skins or silks we dress,
He sees us all! he knows our thoughts and aims,
With pity sees our weaknesses.

Throughout all time and place, he that performs
The works of love and righteousness;
God will accept, though lame his creed,
The upright man will surely bless.

J. W. B.

DESTRUCTION OF D'ANVILLE'S FLEET.

In 1746, a powerful fleet from France, under the command of Duke D'Anville, consisting of about forty ships of war besides transports, sailed to ravage and destroy the English settlements, on the American coast. The consternation was great among the colonies, especially when they learnt that no fleet had sailed from the mother country in quest of the French. But a kind Providence appeared for their deliverance. A most remarkable series of disasters pursued the French. The Duke D'Anville died in a sudden and unexpected manner; his successor, in a fit of delirium, killed himself. The fleet sustained much damage by storms, and great loss by shipwrecks. In addition to this, a mortal sickness prevailed, and swept off a large portion of the troops, and the remainder soon after embarked for France. Such an instance of preservation, without the aid of human power, seldom occurs; and the pious people of that time, ascribed their deliverance to that Being, who caused the Assyrian monarch to return to his own country, without so much as shooting an arrow against Jerusalem.

The dark'ning clouds of war are gathering fast,
The foe draws near with towering pride,
Threatening our land with fiery 'vengeance storm,
And desolation far and wide.

In proud array the hostile fleet of France,
Are marshaled for the onset dread;
A powerful force urged on by swelling sails,
By noble, warlike Captains led.

God of our Fathers! kindly save us now,
Oh shield us by thy mighty power;
Oh Father, hear us in our deep distress,
And save us in this trying hour.

Thine ancient people, when the mighty hosts
By proud Senacherib were led,
Their prayers they raised to thee: in one short night,
Thy power did lay them helpless, dead.

Our father's prayers were heard: sickness prevails;
Death thins the ranks; o'erpowers the foe;
The frowning heavens above are dark with storms,
The foaming billows rage below.

By stormy winds dismantled, and o'er-powered,
The mighty ships are sunk like lead:
Amid the waste of waters wide around,
The foe lies low among the dead.

Disease and flood, and stormy winds, and death,
Fulfill the will of the Most High:
Strong is the power that kindly guards all those,
That on the mighty God rely.

J. W. B.

ZINZENDORF, THE MORAVIAN MISSIONARY.

In 1742, Count Zinzendorf, the celebrated Moravian missionary, went among the Shawnee Indians, in the Wyoming valley in Pennsylvania. Unable to appreciate the pure motives of his mission, they suspected him of being a spy, or a land speculator in disguise, and accordingly they sent some of their number to kill him. Zinzendorf had kindled a fire in his tent, and was deeply engaged in writing and meditation when the Indians stole upon him, to execute their bloody commission. Warmed by the fire, a large rattle snake crept forth, and glided harmlessly over the legs of the holy man unperceived by him. The Indians, however, were at this very moment looking stealthily into the tent and saw the movement of the serpent. Awed by this scene, they desisted from their bloody purpose; they soon retired, and informed their countrymen that the *Great Spirit* protected this white man, and they dared not raise their hands against him.

Alone! and far from childhood's home,
He crossed the stormy sea to roam,
An exile, in the forest wild,
To seek and save frail nature's child;
The dusky Indian who hath made,
His home within the green wood shade.

Sweet love! O Charity divine!
What wondrous mighty power is thine!
Which thus the ties of nature rends,
And severs country, kindred, friends,
And ills to share, all perils brave,
A fallen sinful race to save.

Count Zinzendorf, of noble race,
Like him of Patmos finds a place,
To hold communion sweet, on high,
Where heavenly visions meet the eye;
To write: and to the churches tell,
Though dark around, yet all is well.

Upward he looks! his spirit flies,
To far off bowers of Paradise,
To meet with spirits of the just,
Made perfect in their love and trust;
Unmoved he sits, serene his brow,
What angel guards his musings now?

For see! what danger now betides!
A horrid serpent o'er him glides:
Calmly he sits, unconscious still
Of aught that now may threaten ill:
The poisonous reptile all disarmed,
Creeps on, and leaves him quite unharmed.

He rests! while savage foes draw near,
Amazed they stand in wondrous fear:
What potent spell, what magic charm
Can shield the pale faced man from harm?
Some mighty power to them unknown,
Must guard this stranger when alone.

He sleeps! but sleep like his, may speak
A lesson words are all too weak
To tell; the white man's God hath power
To shield his servant at this hour;
That he whom Israel's Watchman keeps,
Through threatened ills, untroubled sleeps.

MORAVIANS.

The United Brethren, or Moravians, of whom Count Zinzendorf was a distinguished member, derive their origin from the Greek Church, in the 9th century. The society, as at present, was placed on a permanent foundation in 1722, by the Count, who gave the persecuted brethren in Moravia, a place of refuge on his estates in Saxony. Zinzendorf, having adopted the sentiments of the Brethren, was consecrated one of their Bishops, and from thenceforward devoted his life to the cause.

Under the guidance of the Count, certain articles of union were agreed to, which embraced only the great truths of Scripture. Individuals of all Protestant denominations, consequently have always been freely admitted into their communities without renouncing their peculiar creeds. Discussions respecting controverted points are avoided, but they make the merits of Christ their principal theme, and hope of salvation.

The Brethren early turned their attention to this country, in order to introduce christianity among the Indians. In 1741, they settled near the forks of the Delaware, in Pennsylvania. Count Zinzendorf, then on his missionary tour in America, visited this place on Christmas in that year, and lodged in a log-house, attached to which was a stable. From this circumstance the name of *Bethlehem* was given to the settlement.

"No people have probably done so much in the cause of missions, in proportion to their means, as the Moravians. The sufferings and devotedness of their missionaries have been great. They have oftentimes gone forth, single-handed and unknown, among the slave population in the West Indies, the degraded and filthy Greenlanders, and the savages of our own country. In some instances *ten*, in others near *fifty* years have elapsed, ere they saw any fruit; yet they continued to labor, full of faith, and struggling against misrepresentation, suffering, and loss of life."

Bethlehem, the largest town of Moravians in this country, is about 48 miles north of Philadelphia, and contains about 1600 inhabitants, mostly of German descent. The town is beautifully situated, and is celebrated for its neat and orderly appearance. The following, respecting their religious customs, &c., is from a recent publication.

As usual among the Germans, great attention is paid to music; almost every dwelling has its piano, and it forms one of the most interesting features of their public worship. Before the Lord's supper, they have a *love feast*, when all assemble expressly to listen to vocal and instrumental music, interspersed with hymns, in which the congregation join, while they partake of a cup of coffee, tea, or chocolate, and light cakes, in token of fellowship and brotherly union. Easter morning is devoted to a solemnity of a peculiar kind. At sunrise the congregation assemble in the graveyard; a service, accompanied by music, is celebrated, expressive of the joyful hopes of immortality and resurrection, and a solemn commemmoration of those who, in the course of the last year, have gone to heaven.

Soon as a person dies, the event is announced by solemn instrumental music, from a band stationed in the church tower. Different tunes are played, signifying the age, sex, and condition of the deceased; so it is then usually known who is dead. These *death hymns*, sounding, as they often do, upon the still morning or evening air, must have a singularly melancholy effect upon the hearer, reminding him that he too is mortal. Their funeral services are usually performed in church; from thence the congregation march to the grave, preceded by a band of music. If the deceased is a female, the ladies follow first after the coffin; if a male, the reverse. They consider death as no evil, but the entrance to eternal bliss, and therefore do not mourn for friends, nor wear insignia of grief. In alluding to the departed, they use the expression, "helm gehen," signifying that they have *gone home*. The graveyard, like most of this denomination, is laid out as a garden, and planted with trees, under which are seats for visitors. The graves are devoid of the disagreeable coffin-like shape of our own; but resemble flower beds, and in many cases are covered with myrtle and other ornamental plants. The monuments are small slabs laid horizontally upon the graves, the inscriptions uppermost, and bearing simply the name, age, and place of decease.

RESCUE OF MAJOR PUTNAM.

In 1758, Major Putnam, when near Fort Edward, during the war with the French and Indians, was taken prisoner by the latter. They determined to roast him alive. Accordingly they stripped him, bound him to a tree, and piled up dry brush and other fuel in a circle around him, which they set on fire. A sudden shower damped the rising flame. Still they strove to kindle it, until at last the blaze ran fiercely round the circle. The savages yelled in triumph, and Putnam fully believed that his final hour had now come. He summoned all his resolution, and composed his mind as far as he could, to bid farewell to all he held most dear. The bitterness of an agonizing death was in a manner past, and nature was quitting her last hold on life, when a French officer rushed through the crowd, opened a way by scattering the burning brands, and severely reprimanded the savages. This was Molang, the commanding officer, who, having received information of what was going on, rushed to the relief of Putnam, and at the last moment saved his life.

A fearful sight now rises to the view,
In the dark northern forests wild;
Putnam the brave is seized, condemned to death,
Fast bound amid the blazing pile.

The scorching fire begins to rise ;
Loud sounds the savage demon yell :
The suffering victim looks for help above,
From foes the children dire of hell !

Oh Father help him in this trying hour ;
Help him ! he calls on thy great name :
The prayer is kindly heard, a sudden shower
Puts out the kindling, rising flame.

With fell revenge and hate, the savage crew
Kindle again the raging fire ;
Prepare a feast of death, and see once more,
A victim brave, in flames expire.

The savage yells in horrid triumph rise,
Like demons mad, they dance around ;
The crackling, roaring flames now mount on high,
The death-song swells with fearful sound.

My hour is come ! I shall behold no more
My loved ones, and my partner dear !
Perish I must ! within this scorching flame :
No human help doth now appear.

Yet Father thou canst save ! when all below
Is darkness to the human eye ;
Yet Father to thy stern decree I bow,
Submissive at thy feet I lie.

That man is blessed, who puts his trust in thee,
Who lives, or dies at home, abroad :
Strong is the power that kindly guards him round,
Strong is his helper, Father, God !

A voice is heard ! a noble form appears,
Molang, the generous Frenchman, braves,
Drives back the wretches with indignant frown,
Scatters the fire, the victim saves.

Oh noble thus ! our enemies to love,
Kindly assist them in distress ;
And him who reigns above, the Lord of all,
The merciful will surely bless.

THE TRUE WIFE AND MOTHER.

In 1764, Col. Boquet, having conquered the Indians in the vicinity of Carlisle, Pennsylvania, compelled them to sue for peace. One of the conditions of peace was, that the Indians should deliver up all the women and children whom they had taken into captivity. Many of these had learned the language of their captors, adopted their habits, and were bound to them by ties of affection. The separation between the Indians and their prisoners was heart-rending. Some afterwards made their escape, and returned to the Indians. One female, who had been captured at the age of fourteen, had become the wife of an Indian Chief, and mother of several children. When informed that she was to be delivered to her parents, her grief could not be alleviated. "Can I," said she, "enter into my parents dwelling? Will they be kind to my children? Will my old companions associate with the wife of an Indian? And my husband, who has been so kind —I will not desert him!" That night she fled to the camp of her husband and children.

Strange is the forest scene,
A sorrowing group is there;

The Indian with his dusky brow,
And woman pale and fair.

The parting hour has come,
And tearfully they stand;
While friends their long lost kindred claim,
Amid that forest band.

"Back to the white man's care,
The captives we restore;
But to the Indian's homes and hearts,
They will return no more.

Mother, and wife, and maid,
From hill, and stream, and dell;
And from your homes beneath the shade,
Ye go: farewell! farewell!"

These mournful words are heard,
Sad as a funeral knell;
And the proud Indian's bitter tears,
Fall with the word, farewell!

Hark! for 'tis woman speaks,
The Mother and the wife:
Hear! for her kindred bid her rend
The ties more dear than life.

"They bid me seek again,
The home of childhood's years;
But oh! its far off beauty shines,
But dimly through my tears.

A dearer home is mine,
Within the green wood glade;

There dwells my love, my children play,
Beneath its leafy shade.

My children! born and reared
Amid the forest wild;
Will not the white man proudly spurn,
The Indian's dusky child?

And those I loved of old,
My friends in years gone by,
Will they not mark the Indian's wife
With cold averted eye?

And he I loved so well,
That heart so kind and true;
Can ye give back such love as his,
Which I resign for you?

And shall I leave him? No!
I leave the white man's care;
Back to the forest's depths I go,
My home and heart are there.

Yes! for a mother's love,
No laws of caste can bind;
And only in one faithful heart,
The wife her home may find.

So woman's love will shine,
Alike through good or ill,
In palace hall, or forest shade,
Pure and unchanging still.

E. G. B.

THE MOTHER'S VOICE.

In 1764, Col. Boquet of Pennsylvania, having defeated the Indians, compelled them to sue for peace. One of the conditions upon which peace was granted, was that the Indians should restore all the women and children they had taken captive from the white settlements. Many had been seized when very young, forgot their own language, and grew up to maturity, in the wigwams of the savages, adopting their manners and customs. A great number of the restored prisoners were brought to Carlisle, —many a mother found a lost child, but others could not designate their children. Among these, was an aged woman, whose child, little girl, had been taken from her several years before; but was unable to recognize her daughter, or converse with the released captives. With a breaking heart, she lamented to Col. Boquet her hapless lot. The Colonel requested her to sing a hymn which she used to sing to her daughter when a little child. This was no sooner complied with, than the long-lost daughter rushed into the arms of her mother.

In strange fantastic dress arrayed,
The rescued captives stand,

With warriors of the forest shade
Amid the little band,
Of friends that here their kindred claim,
Repeating each familiar name.

And here the mother seeks with tears,
Her loved, her long lost child,
So changed by lapse of weary years,
From the young face that smiled,
Upon her in her childish glee,
In days of helpless infancy.

Dark was the storm of war that swept
The peaceful country o'er;
When friends and kindred sadly wept,
For those they saw no more:
And many a mother mourned her child
Borne captive to some forest wild.

What tone, that long lost child shall reach,
What voice her tale impart?
She knoweth not her loved one's speech;
And with a heavy heart,
She looks from face to face with tears,
To seek the one, long lost for years.

Is there no dear familiar word,
Which on her ear should break?
Is there no lay in childhood heard
Sweet memory's chords to wake,
To free that spirit from its spell?
The soldier bade the mother tell.

She sings the song of other days,
The hymn so sweet and mild,
One of the simple cradle lays,
She sang her infant child,
And learned that loved one's childish tone,
To mingle sweetly with her own.

A mother's voice! what magic art
It hath to touch the soul;
It enters in the inmost heart,
Its passions to control:
That voice that lulled the babe to rest,
In slumber on a mother's breast.

A mother's voice, it tells of love,
Such as few hearts may know,
Such as the angels feel above,
For those they guard below;
A love the world can never chill,
Pure, undefiled, and changeless still.

Oh blessed voice! oh long lost strain!
Thy tone has pierced one ear!
The *daughter* echoes back again,
The song to memory dear:
She rushes to her mother's breast!
A mother's heart must think the rest!

COL. BOONE'S FIRST VIEW OF KENTUCKY.

In 1769, Col. Daniel Boone, and a few others from Virginia, made an exploring expedition into the wilderness westward. After a long fatiguing march over a mountainous region, they came to the top of an eminence, from whence, with joy and wonder, they discovered the level and beautiful landscape of Kentucky. "Here," says Col. Boone, "nature was a series of wonders, and a fund of delight. Here she displayed her ingenuity and industry, in a variety of flowers and fruits beautifully colored, elegantly shaped, and charmingly flavored: and we were diverted with numberless animals, presenting themselvee perpetually to our view. The buffaloes were more numerous than cattle on other settlements—their numbers were amazing."

Fair was the scene that lay,
  Before the little band,
Which paused upon its toilsome way,
  To view this new found land.

Field, stream, and valley spread,
  Far as the eye could gaze,

With Summer's beauty o'er them shed,
And sunlight's brightest rays.

Flowers of the fairest dyes,
Trees clothed in richest green;
And brightly smiled the deep blue skies,
O'er this enchanting scene.

Such was Kentucky then,
With wild luxuriance blest;
Where no invading hand had been:
The garden of the West.

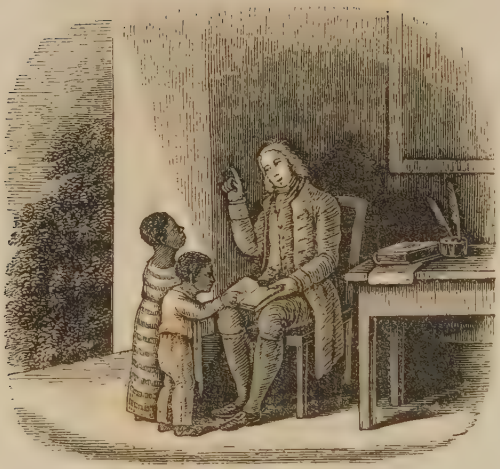
Such must have seemed the land,
Columbus found of old;
Whose beauties lay on every hand,
Whose charms were never told.

So to the Christian's eyes,
The land of promise seems:
So many a fairy vision lies,
Before our gaze in dreams.

Kentucky! years have passed
Since first they pressed the sod;
Another race its lot has cast,
Where once the Indian trod.

Fair as thou wert of old,
The patriot's cause be thine,
Thy sons for Liberty be bold,
For Freedom's rights divine.

E. G. B.



Benezet instructing colored children.

ANTHONY BENEZET.

This celebrated philanthropist was a native of France. On account of religious persecution in that country, his parents, in 1731, removed to London. While here, the family adopted the religious opinions of the Society of Friends, and in 1731, emigrated to Philadelphia. In his zeal to do good, he left a profitable mercantile business, and devoted himself to the instruction of youth. He was a friend to the poor and distressed of every description, and labored most earnestly for their relief and welfare. He made great exertions to have the slave trade suppressed. The unfortunate and degraded situation of the African race in this country, deeply moved his sympathy, and he made strong efforts for their elevation and improvement. The loss of this benevolent man was deeply felt, and his funeral was attended by all religious denominations. Many hundred colored persons, with tears, followed his remains to the grave. An American officer of the Revolutionary army, in returning from the funeral, pronounced a striking eulogium upon him. "I would rather," said he, "be Anthony Benezet, in that coffin, than the great Washington with all his honors."

SERVANT of God! thy work is done,
No more thy thoughts employ
On earth below: the victory's won!
"Enter thy master's joy."

Like him thy suffering bosom heaved,
Thy tears like rain-drops flowed,
For suffering, fallen, wretched man,
Thy soul with mercy glowed.

Long didst thou meekly strive and toil,
To raise an injured race,
And give them hope 'mid keen despair,
And beings lost embrace.

The widow and the fatherless,
With sighs and tears deplore,
This benefactor of our race
On earth, they see no more.

Oh, sainted one! in this dark world,
Too few like thee are seen;
"Like angel heavenly visitants,
Too few and far between."

No hollow, false, deceitful tears,
O'er Benezet are shed,
Thy memory will live above,
When earth gives up its dead.

No rattling drum, no volley loud,
Speaking of war's dread trade;
No gaudy banners proudly wave,
Where thy remains are laid:

Oh no! angelic hosts attend,
Thy spirit to convey,
From these dark bewildering scenes,
To endless, perfect day.

Kind heaven doth guard thy sleeping dust,
Though scattered round, abroad:
Thy spirit sweetly rests within
The bosom of thy God!

J. W. B.

FOUNDING OF DARTMOUTH COLLEGE.

In 1770, Dr. Wheelock removed from Connecticut, his family and school to Hanover, New Hampshire, and laid the foundation of Dartmouth College at that place. The roads at that period, being rough and unfinished, the pupils performed the journey on foot. The site selected for the college and other buildings, was an extensive plain, shaded with lofty pines, with no accommodations except two or three log huts. A college and other buildings were erected and partially finished before the autumnal snows set in. In the ensuing winter, the snow lay four feet in depth, between four and five months. "Sometimes standing in the open air, at the head of his numerous family, Dr. Wheelock presented to God their morning and evening prayers: the surrounding forests, for the first time reverberated the solemn sounds of supplication and praise."

In the deep shadow of the solemn wood,
With rustling pines, and woodland songsters nigh,
The man of God amid his scholars stood,
And raised the tuneful song of praise on high.

Dartmouth, endeared to science is thy name,
Thy bounteous gift yet still shall long endure,

These dauntless hearts, these weary travelers came,
Thy gift for unborn thousands to secure.

No pompous rites the pleasing service crowned,
No organs swell, no costly robes wore there,
But murmurs of the forest reigned around,
Unbroken save by sounds of praise and prayer.

It was a simple structure which they reared,
Deep in the heart of that secluded grove,
But by the labor of their hands endeared,
And hallowed by a blessing from above.

Far different this from proud ancestral piles,
Beyond the sea, 'mid England's stately homes,
Where shadowy stillness reigned in cloistered aisles,
The dust of centuries, on ponderous tomes.

Where pale monastic men still pondered o'er,
Old volumes saved from all destroying time,
Not such famed Dartmouth, was thy treasured store,
Nor dim religious splendor such as theirs, was thine.

But through the winter's storm, and summer's heat,
Fair Science, did thy children gather there,
The Indian youth sat at Instruction's feet,
With his white brother, void of slavish fear.

Deep lay the snow its humble walls around,
When winter's wind came howling fiercely by;
Their couch oft-times in summer's heat the ground,
And the blue vault above, their canopy.

Such Dartmouth, were thy "founding times" of old,
Clouds of the morn that ushered in thy days,
Of calm prosperity when we behold
Thy numerous sons, rehearse old Dartmouth's praise.

E. G. B.

Washington asking pardon of Mr. Payne.

WASHINGTON'S ACKNOWLEDGEMENT.

In 1754, Washington, then a young man of 22 years of age, was stationed with his regiment at Alexandria. At this time, an election for public officers took place, and the contest between the candidates became exciting and severe. A dispute took place between Mr. Payne and Washington, in which the latter, (an occurrence very uncommon with him,) became warm, and said something which gave Mr. Payne so much offense, that he knocked Washington down. Instead of flying into a passion, and sending him a challenge to fight a duel, as was expected, Washington, upon mature reflection, finding that he had been the aggressor, he resolved to ask *pardon* of Mr. Payne on the morrow. Accordingly he met Mr. Payne the next day, and extended his hand in a friendly manner: "Mr. Payne," said he, "to err is nature: to rectify error is glory. I find I was wrong yesterday: but I wish to be right to day. You have had some satisfaction: and if you think that was sufficient, here's my hand: let us be friends." It is hardly necessary to state, that ever afterwards they were so.

Great Washington! more noble far thou wert,
When like a suppliant thou didst meekly yield,
Than when thy banners waved in victory high,
O'er foemen prostrate on the battle field.

Thou canst forgive! oh heavenly blessed power!
Our brother frail, his insults to forgive,
To rise above revenge, that passion strong,
And good for evil, kindly, nobly give!

True courage this! that nobly dares do right,
Nor heeds the proud, the puny worldling's scorn;
Fears not the slanderous tongue, or hellish spite,
But bravely, boldly, meets the thick'ning storm.

He soars above the fogs that close him round,
The dark sulphureous clouds that frown below,
To realms above, where seraph voices sound,
Where Love and Friendship pure, forever glow.

So like Monadnock's lofty towering height,
When all below the murky clouds deform;
Though lightning's flash, though loud the thunder rolls,
In sunshine peers above the raging storm.

Oh little souls, that have no strength to rise
Above an insult: choose the better part,
Cherish the noble feeling of the soul,
That crushes hate when rising in the heart.

Be like the Father of your country bold,
'Tis Godlike thus, for evil good inspire;
It calms the stubborn spirit sweetly down,
Melting the soul with coals of heavenly fire!

GEN. REED REFUSING THE BRIBE.

In May, 1778, when Gen. Joseph Reed, of Pennsylvania, was a member of the American Congress, three Commissioners from Great Britain, Governor Johnstone one of them, addressed private letters to Francis Dana, Robert Morris, and Gen. Reed, to secure their influence towards restoring harmony with the mother country, by giving up their independence. But the attempt was in vain with these patriots. Gen. Reed, who was somewhat desponding of the American cause, had a direct proposition made to him, by a lady employed by Gov. Johnstone, that if he would effect a re-union between the two countries, that ten thousand pounds, and the best office in the gift of the crown in America, should be at his disposal. He replied, "that he was not worth purchasing, but such as he was, the *king of Great Britain was not rich enough* to do it."

No honors high, bestowed by kingly hands;
No glory bright, to gain the mob's applause;
Nor titles proud to cluster round his name,
Can move the hero from his country's cause.

No mines of gold can draw the patriot's soul,
Who to his country stands: no golden shower
Can blind his vision to his country's good;
In virtue strong, he scorns the tempter's power.

When titled men clothed with official power,
To tempt his soul with wealth and honor high,
He spurns the bribe! and nobly, boldly tells,
Though poor, no king is rich enough to buy.

No threats of dangers, chains or banishment,
Or gifts of wealth, or power, or titled name,
Can daunt, or lure the noble lofty soul,
That feels, oh Liberty! thy sacred flame.

My country! sacred home! I feel the power
These magic watch words give the inmost soul;
More potent far than kingly mandates are,
The patriot's noble spirit to control.

Though tyrant's stalk around with pomp and power,
Boasting with pride that God hath made them so,
Freedom "though crushed to earth shall rise again,"
And men its lasting triumphs yet shall know.

What hosts are crushed by dire oppression's chain,
Throughout the wide-spread earth around, abroad;
And creep and cringe before their fellow-worms,
Who claim the high prerogative of God.

Go make those little craven servile souls,
Their birth-right for a mess of pottage give;
The high born soul disdains the proffered bribe,
And nobly scorns in slavery's garb to live!

J. W. B.

PASSING THE DELAWARE.

The summer and fall of the year 1776, was the most gloomy period of the American Revolution. After a series of disasters, Gen. Washington was obliged to retreat from New York towards Pennsylvania. The army, which had consisted of 30,000 men, was reduced to about 3000. Many of these were ragged, without shoes, and pinched with hunger. Their footsteps through the ice and snow, were marked with blood as they fled before the enemy. The American cause seemed desperate, and Congress recommended to each of the States, to observe "a day of solemn fasting and humiliation before God." Washington saw the necessity of striking a successful blow for the salvation of his country. On the night of Dec. 25th, 1776, the army re-crossed the Delaware, and advanced to attack a division of Hessians, who lay at Trenton in fancied security. They were taken by surprise. A few with their commander, Col. Rahl, were killed, and 1000 were made prisoners.

The oppressor's marshalled hosts mighty in arms advance. The sons of Freedom flee before their haughty foes. The full fed tyrants stalk around.

The men of servile souls creep forth and do them homage. The lonely star of Freedom bright shining on these western shores, grows dim, and dark sulphureous storms now brood around.

In war's dread strife, our father's ranks grew thin and scattered. They bent before the raging storm. Through ice and snow, their footsteps marked their path with blood. With fleets and armies strong, the foe pursued, resolved to crush the feeble few, who nobly stood in arms for freedom's holy cause.

The heavens grew dark with clouds; the tempest thickened round their path, their friends grew sad and silent. Crushed down, but not destroyed, our fathers hearts grew firm and strong. Like the firm oak that shoots its roots into the earth, more deep and strong, when rudely shaken by the whirlwind blast!

One band remained. Firm in their country's bleeding cause, they scorn to yield. One mighty effort more to make for freedom, sinking beneath the tyrant's power, they forward move. With lion hearts, and arms of steel, resolved on victory high, or nobly fall as martyrs for the rights of men.

They cross the raging flood, 'mid wintry blasts and crackling ice. Safely they reach the other shore. Their ranks in stern array are formed. Onward they press on icy pavement strong. The mortal conflict hastens on. An Empire's fate hangs trembling in the breeze. Freedom is lost, or victory won.

The thoughts of home steal o'er and fill their souls. Perhaps the coming storm will lay them low in blood, and those they love will see their forms no

more. Their souls are moved within. They curse that lust of power and pride that swims in tears and blood. To crush this power, they boldly breast the leaden, deadly, thundering storm !

The sun had tipped the distant hills with silvery light, when roused from sleep, the foe appeared in sight. Columbia's chieftain rises in his might, and waves aloft his flashing steel. Once more ! my fellow soldiers brave ! once more ! he cried. For Freedom high now boldly strike !

As when some mighty storm, with whirlwind power, sweeps o'er the plain, so rushed our fathers on the haughty foe. Dismayed, o'er-powered and crushed, they fell before the fiery tempest. They lay their weapon in the dust and ask for life. Fair Freedom smiled in tears of joy, that now this western world was free !

Though storms may rage, and blacker grow the skies, desert not Truth, or Freedom's holy cause. With heart sincere, oh firmly breast the howling storm, and quail not before the lightning's flash. The right shall yet prevail, the foe shall fall, and final victory yet shall come !

WASHINGTON AT MORRISTOWN, N. J.

In 1777, the American army were obliged to retire before the superior force of the enemy, in the vicinity of Philadelphia, and encamped at Valley Forge, about 22 miles distant. The army arrived at this place, about the 18th of December, and it is said that they might bave been tracked, by the blood of the soldiers feet, in marching bare-footed over the hard, frozen ground. The army built themselves log-huts, or cabins, for a shelter; but they endured extreme suffering, from the want of provisions, blankets and clothing, and many perished from privations and disease. The American army had also suffered much the previous winter, when they lay at Morristown, N. J. It is related, that on one occasion, Washington told one of his hungry men, to go to his table and refresh himself, while he would take his gun and perform the duty of a common soldier, as a sentinel in his place. The commander-in-chief, by many similar acts of condescension, greatly endeared himself to the American soldiers.

'Mid winter's howling storms of snow and ice,
The soldiers still with hope inspired,
Reared their rude cabins 'mid the chilling blast,
With love of home and freedom fired.

Ill clad they shivered in the wintry wind,
No blasts could cool their hearts desire;
By hunger sore, and fell disease they fell,
And in their country's cause expire.

True heroes these! that stand like valiant men,
Though sufferings many, keen and long;
No bribes can move them from their country's cause,
For freedom firm! in virtue strong!

Great Washington their life of hardships shares,
With courage bold and martial grace
His presence cheers the faint desponding heart,
He takes the humblest soldiers place.

Greatness of mind is this, that soars above
The petty place of rank and birth,
That feels for every man a brother's love;
Such are the noblest minds on earth.

The noble chieftain scorns, disdains to leave
His soldiers in their sore distress;
He shares the sufferings, dangers, toils,
Which round his soldiers hourly press.

Thy spirit Liberty! our Fathers felt,
With lion hearts, and upward eye;
Firmly they stood in Freedom's holy cause,
Nor cowered beneath the angry sky.

FUNERAL OF GEN. FRAZER.

In October, 1777, Gen. Burgoyne, when advancing upon the Northern States from Canada, was effectually checked in his progress at Saratoga. Near this place, a bloody battle was fought, in which Gen. Frazer, one of the principal officers of the enemy, fell, mortally wounded, by a shot from one of Morgan's rifle men. As he lay dying he was heard to exclaim, "oh fatal ambition!" "oh my poor wife!" He was buried according to his request, on an elevation near Hudson river, on which was a battery. His remains were attended to the grave, at 6 o'clock in the evening, by the general officers; and the funeral scene is described as unusually solemn, impressive and awful, by the voice of the chaplain, being accompanied by constant peals from the American artillery, and the cannon shot which flew thick around and near the procession.

The warrior sleeps, he wakes no more,
At glory's voice of chivalry:

His part am'd the strife is o'er;
He starts not at the cannon's roar,
Nor rolling drum, nor musketry.

No more the soldier leads the band,
Of Britain's warlike infantry,
They hear no more his stern command,
Nor gleams his sword, nor waves his hand,
Urging to death or victory.

The rifle lays the chieftain low,
By Morgan, aimed so fatally,
He falls where streams of life blood flow,
Where comrades 'neath the deadly blow,
Have fallen, wounded mortally.

So "glory leads, but to the grave,"
Such was the soldier's destiny,
To meet his doom he crossed the wave,
His life blood flowed, his deeds so brave,
Were given for chains and slavery.

In evening shadows sinks the sun,
And life departs thus mournfully,
Its brightness fades in shadows dun,
And so the hero's course was run,
And ended thus in tragedy.

His lifeless form is borne on high,
In solemn martial pageantry
While threat'ning clouds obscure the sky,
And fires of death are flashing nigh,
And roar of dread artillery.

They grant the soldier's last request,
Though death flies round so fearfully,
They lay the warrior down to rest,
The turf upon his lifeless breast,
His grave is in the battery.

Ashes to ashes! dust to dust!
The chaplain's voice thus steadily,
Gives back to earth its mournful trust,
Slowly and sadly as he must,
Amid war's dread artillery.

And in the soldier's native land,
The tidings fall most heavily;
The wailings of his household band,
O'er him, laid low by war's dread hand,
The spirit move to sympathy.

Oh when shall war's dread tumult cease,
And brothers dwell in unity,
The captive from his chains release:
Father of all! oh give us peace,
And heaven born love and harmony.

Count Donop mortally wounded at Red Bank.

COUNT DONOP.

In 1777, Col. Donop, a brave Hessian officer, made an attack on the Red Bank, an American fortification, on the New Jersey side of the Delaware. Col. Greene, the commander, having retired to an inner fort before the attack, the Hessians entered the out-works with shouts, supposing they had gained the victory. But as they advanced a short distance, a most terrible and overwhelming fire, strewed the ground with the dead and dying. Count Donop, mortally wounded, was conveyed to the house of a Friend near by, where he expired. "See in me," said the dying Count, "the vanity of human pride! I have shone in the courts of Europe; and am now dying in the house of an obscure Quaker!"

Dark lowering clouds float o'er the sky afar,
Fit emblem of the dark'ning shade of war:
Above the smiling land of peace outspread,
Where bannered armies of invaders tread.

The Hessian warrior onward leads the way
To scenes of blood, in battles proud array;
Bright visions dazzling float before his gaze,
When sovereign tongues shall speak the soldier's praise:

When laurel wreaths shall crown his brow with fame;
When beauty's lips shall proudly speak his name;
When minstrel harps amid his native land,
Shall sound the victories of his conquering hand.

With pride he bids the band of freemen brave,
Who nobly sought their native land to save,
Lay down their hostile arms, or else prepare.
The traitors ignominious doom to share.

His soldiers mount the walls, and victory cry,
Their shouts exulting, and their banners high,
When see! they downward sink! in groans they fall!
A storm of deadly fire sweeps o'er them all!

Alas, poor Donop! whither now have fled
The dreams which their enchantment round thee shed;
Thy noble form all crushed and mangled lies,
In blood, in groans, in mortal agonies.

"Oh cursed ambition! false deceitful spell,
Hath lured me on to learn the trade of hell;
Hath led me far across the rolling sea,
To crush a nation struggling to be free.

Sinking in death, uncared for, and unknown,
I lie, who 'mid the pomp of courts have shone:
No gentle voice shall whisper words of peace,
Or bid the parting spirit sweet release!"

Not so the Christian Soldier! though he dies,
He wins a crown beyond the starry skies:
With peaceful hope he yields his latest breath,
And gains the victory in the hour of death.

No mad ambition goads him to the field,
Against the widow, and the orphan steeled;
To gain on History's brilliant page a name,
Though men may bleed, may die to give him fame.

But Love, sweet Love! impelled alone by thee,
The Christian Soldier, fetterless and free,
The wretched cheers! the drooping heart shall raise,
Though none on earth may ever speak his praise.

But when the dread and final hour shall rise,
And rolling thunders cleave the parted skies;
When dire convulsions rend the stormy spheres;
And o'er the wreck of time the Judge appears:

The Christian Hero, in that hour shall stand,
Arrayed in shining robes at his right hand;
On Life's fair book shall there be traced his name,
In lines of living Light! to deathless fame!

DEATH OF BARON DE KALB.

The Baron de Kalb, a General in the American Revolutionary army, was a native of Germany, born about the year 1717. He fell mortally wounded in a battle near Camden, S. C., while vainly attempting to prevent the defeat of the Americans under Gen. Gates, August, 1780. He appears to have had a kind of presentiment, that he would fall in the approaching contest, which he expressed to several of the American officers, who were deeply affected by this circumstance. Said this brave foreigner, "To die, is the irreversible decree of Him who made us. Then what joy to be able to meet death without dismay. This, thank God, is my case. The happiness of man is my wish: that happiness I deem inconsistent with slavery. And to avert so great an evil from an innocent people, I will gladly meet the British to-morrow, at any odds whatever."

An aged hero from a distant land,
For freedom's cause hath crossed the sea,
The brave de Kalb, a name to freemen dear,
Periled his all for Liberty.

Tyrants and despots with their iron power,
Have cursed the earth, both far and wide,
Millions condemned to suffering, toil and death,
To bloat their fellow-worms with pride.

The warlike Britons marshalled hosts draw near:
Aloud they raise the battle cry:
"The foe I'll meet; on to the conflict go,
Though in the bloody storm I die."

"To die, is the irreversible decree
Of Him who governs all below:
I feel within the solemn time draws nigh,
When from these mortal scenes I go."

De Kalb thus spoke: he leaves his friends in tears,
With high resolve, come death or life;
He meets the foe, he braves the fearful storm,
For others good he joins the strife.

With thundering cannon, and with rolling drum,
The storm of death sweeps wildly by;
With overpowering numbers rush the foe,
With deafening shouts the fearful fly.

The stranger hero quails not! still he stands,
Nerved to the conflict, scorns to flee:
Wounded he falls, his life-blood freely flows,
Sacred to Freedom! Liberty!

THE MORAVIAN INDIAN MARTYRS.

Several depredations having been committed by hostile Indians, on the frontier inhabitants of Pennsylvania and Virginia, a company of upwards of 100 men, under the command of Col. Williamson, crossed the Ohio, determined on vengeance. On the 8th of March, 1782, they came upon the Moravian settlements at Salem and Gnadenhutten, and by false pretences, caused the Christian Indians to assemble at the latter place. Here they were treacherously imprisoned and barbarously murdered. These Indians, ninety in number, consisting of men, women and children, when their immediate death was determined on, kneeled down and prayed to God their Savior, took affectionate leave of each other, and then sang a hymn of praise to Him who would soon relieve them from all pain and sorrow. Impatient of delay, the blood-thirsty wretches interrupted the last hymn they could sing on earth, and demanded if they were not ready for death. They answered yes, and added, they had commended their souls to God, with the assurance that he would receive them. They were then put to death.——Those of the soldiers, eighteen in number, who opposed these murders, stood at a distance, wringing their hands, and calling God to witness, "that they were innocent of the lives

of these harmless Christian Indians." The unchristian savages were themselves amazed at this bloody deed. They said that they had endeavored to draw their brethren back to heathenism, but that the Great Spirit, in order to prevent it, had taken them to himself.

Our time is come! when we must go
Into the "Spirit Land" on high;
The cruel white man false has proved,
And basely led us here to die.

Great God of all! on thee we call;
Our murderous foes around us press;
Our souls receive: be with us now,
Nor leave us in our sore distress.

'Mid pale faced savage, cruel men,
These Christian Martyrs meekly stood,
Like harmless lambs, 'mid cruel wolves,
Like those of old, they call on God.

He gives his servants mighty power,
Courage to meet their threatened doom,
And with his smile to cheer the hour,
Of danger's deepest, darkest gloom.

These servants of the living God,
Unite in hymns of joyful praise,
Meet the last earthly summons dread,
And loud their songs of triumph raise.

"Make haste! no longer sing and pray;
Make haste, your blood we wait to shed:"
So spake the fell, infernal crew,
Like wolves impatient to be fed.

One loved, and long, and last embrace;
They pardon all, and are forgiven:
Meekly they die, calling on God,
Like Stephen, look, and rise to heaven.

Oh sacred power! that nerves the soul,
To suffer death 'mid scenes like this:
Above the world the spirit soars,
Resting in lasting heavenly bliss.

Silent in death these martyrs lay;
They triumphed in the darkest hour:
Like saints of old, they nobly fell
'Mid hellish spite, and demon power.

The savage pagan hears the tale,
How white men kill the men that pray;
Amazed he stands at deeds like this,
Murder most foul in open day.

"Oft have we tried to draw them back,
No more the Christian's God to love,"
This to prevent, the red men said,
"Their God has taken them above."

Prince Gallitzin, at Loretto, Penn.

PRINCE GALLITZIN.

Demetrius Augustus Gallitzin, a Catholic clergyman of Cambria Co., Penn., was born at Munster, in Germany. His father, Prince de Gallitzin, ranked among the highest nobility of Russia; his mother was the daughter of a celebrated Field Marshal, under Frederick the Great. The young Prince held a high commission in the Russian army from his infancy. While quite a youth, he came to America, and landed at Baltimore in 1782. He soon turned his attention to the christian ministry, and for 42 years exercised the pastoral office in Cambria County. When he first came to this place, situated among the Alleghany mountains, he found it a wilderness, but by great labor and privations, and after expending a princely fortune, he succeeded in making "the wilderness to blossom as the rose." He who might have reveled in princely halls, spent thirty years in a log cabin, denying himself, that he might raise the fallen, clothe the naked, and feed the hungry. He died in May, 1840, at Loretto, near Ebensburg, aged 70 years.

Servant of God! thy heavenly mission's o'er,
Thy work in this dark world is done;

Thy Master calls thee to a throne above;
Thy conflict's past! thy victory's won!

Though born in princely halls and nursed with pride,
Though wealth was thine, and honor, fame;
Too poor it proved, to fill a soul like thine,
That sought a new and holier name.

Then ask not with a bigot's purblind zeal,
Which? Paul or Cephas he preferred:
But did he strive to do his master's will,
And did he humbly walk with God?

Oh for that love of Truth! that looks above,
The feeling of a bigot's heart;
That tramples down the walls that men would raise,
To keep God's servants wide apart.

Gallitzin! born a nobleman of God,
Thyself thou didst not seek to please,
By shrinking far away to cloistered walls,
To doze out life in listless ease.

Oh no! but like thy master, thou didst toil,
Among a fallen race, around, abroad,
And preach his gospel to the humble poor,
And call the wandering back to God.

The splendors of a royal Court were left,
To hush the cries of sore distress:
To clothe the naked, feed the hungry poor,
The widow and the orphan bless.

Did glory bring thee to the tented field,
And warlike hosts await thy nod?
Oh no! thou liv'st to save the lives of men,
Yes! like thy Savior, Jesus, God.

Oh for that time! when men like Christ shall live!
Too few like thee, oh sainted one,
Thy heavenly Master's footsteps here have trod:
Servant of God, well done! well done!

J. W. B.

COUNCIL OF THE MOHAWK WOMEN.

Justice has hardly been done to the virtues of the Indian women of our country. Instances have been known, when by their influence as peace-makers, they have prevented many bloody wars. Alive to the interests of those dear to them, they have implored those who had the power to stop the traffic of spirituous liquors, the use of which has ruined so many tribes. In May, 1802, the Mohawk women assembled in council, to which they called the celebrated Capt. Brant, and other chieftains of the tribe. Addressing them as *Uncles*, in the Indian manner, they lamented the many misfortunes among them caused by drinking the "*fire waters*," and implored them to stop the trade. There being contentions among the Mohawk warriors and chieftains, they entreated them to bury all disputes, and added, that as they had in a great measure been the cause of stirring up their male relations, they would do it no more. Capt. Brant replied, addressing them as "*nieces*," that they would do their best to have these evils done away.

Blest are the messengers of peace,
Who come with soothing power,

To bid the storms of passion cease,
In hatred's darkest hour.

In every clime, fair woman mild,
Her gentle sceptre wields,
And man's proud spirit, stern and wild,
Beneath its influence yields.

When the accursed "fire waters" came,
Among the Indian race,
To kindle hatred to a flame,
With misery and disgrace.

Then gentle woman's voice was heard,
The Mohawk matron's prayed,
The honored chieftains of their race,
For Right to lend their aid.

The white man comes with draughts of fire,
To barter here for gain;
Sons, brothers, sires, the poison drink,
With misery on its train.

The mother's prayers, the wife's deep sighs,
The sister's hapless lot;
The tears that fall from orphan's eyes,
Alike are heeded not.

Brother with brother madly strives,
Ruled by a demon sway,
And fiercely shed each others blood,
Like ravenous beasts of prey.

"Oh bid the murderous traffic cease,
Ye chieftains of our race;
And to the reign of peace and love,
These fiendish deeds give place.

Oh drive the poison far away,
And bid the white man bring
The maddening liquor here no more,
Nor touch the accursed thing.

So let our simple prayer be heard,
Our by-gone joys restore;
Bury the hatchet in the earth,
And live in peace once more."

The chieftains listened to their prayer,
And pledged their vow that day,
To touch no more the poisonous draught,
But drive it far away.

So woman should thy voice be heard,
And so thine influence given;
Quelling the stormy passions power,
Leading the soul to Heaven.

CAMPBELL'S GRAVE.

On the 5th of July, 1779, a body of 3000 men, under the command of Gen. Tryon, landed near New Haven, Conn., and proceeded to the invasion of that place. About 1500 of the enemy, under Gen. Garth, landed at West Haven Point, and took up their march for New Haven. Their march along the summit of Milford Hill, with their scarlet uniform, and well burnished arms flashing in the sun beams, is described as a most imposing scene. Adjutant Campbell, tall and elegant in person, of splendid military appearance, and the idol of the soldiers, commanded one of the advance guards of the enemy. He was shot down by some of the militia, who had hastily assembled to oppose their progress. He was carried into a humble dwelling near by, where he expired. His body was found on a bed unattended, and was carried on a sheep-rack to his grave. The spot is still to be seen, designated by a small rough stone, on which is inscribed, "Campbell, 1779," erected, by the Author of this work, in Sept. 1844.

No marble monument is thine ;
No stately pile, no massive tomb,

Where waving banners proudly shine,
Amid the Abbey's gloom:
No pompous strains to tell thy praise;
No child of song awakes his lays;
No organ's peal through arches high,
A requiem to thy memory.

No, thine is but a lowly grave,
Beneath New England's deep blue sky;
Its summer flowerets o'er thee wave,
Its winds thy requiem sigh:
A lowly grave, one simple stone,
Tells of thy song linked name alone;
Alone, afar! above the plain,
Thy sleeping dust doth still remain.

Sleep on, oh gallant soldier thou!
Sleep on and take thy dreamless rest;
Death's seal upon thy noble brow,
The turf upon thy breast:
But calm beneath these smiling skies,
The forest city near thee lies,
The murmuring river rolls between,
Her stern old rocks, her bowers of green.

Perhaps amid thy native land,
Thine own fair isle beyond the sea,
The loved ones of thy household band,
Looked long in vain for thee:
For thee they watched through long bright hours;
For thee they decked their green wood bowers;
And listened at the homestead door,
For footsteps they should hear no more.

Oh bright thy country's banners danced,
And fluttered in the morning light;
And flashing steel and scarlet glanced,
All bathed in radiance bright:
At night their path was lone once more,
The drum was still, the strife was o'er:
And thou the noblest of them all,
Doomed in the foremost ranks to fall.

Full many a year since then has passed,
Of toil for blood bought liberty:
Right manfully the die was cast,
For death or victory.
And now our flag floats far and wide,
Its stars and stripes, our conntry's pride,
And we a people brave and free,
To God alone bow heart and knee.

But when the last dread trump shall sound,
And like a scroll roll back these skies,
From every bloody battle ground,
Earth's myriad hosts shall rise;
And marshaled rank on rank shall stand,
The warrior hosts of every land;
Then forests wild, and ocean's bed,
Alike that day give up their dead.

E. G. B.

THE WESTERN MISSIONARY.

About the year 1800, at the period of the first settlement of our western states, itinerant missionaries were sent from the east to labor in the new settlements scattered here and there in the wilderness. In order to extend the light of religion, and lay the foundation of happiness and intelligence to a great people yet to come, these devoted men endured much toil, danger and suffering in the tedious forests, unknown deserts, and trackless uninhabited regions. One of these missionaries, while travelling in the northern section, in the depth of winter, became bewildered and benumbed by the chilling frost. He was found sometime afterwards, having been frozen to death while on his knees, in the attitude of prayer.

True Patriot of the human race is he,
A soul of noble, yea of heavenly birth;
Who lives to scatter light and love abroad,
The faithful servant of his God on earth.

No golden region far doth lure him on,
Nor hope of honor bright, nor selfish love

Inspires his breast: his soul, with eagle eye,
Looks upwards to the realms above.

What though thy lowly name will not appear
Upon the musty rolls of human fame,
In God's own book of everlasting life
Is found inscribed thy new and holier name.

The proud of earth may scorn thy humble mien,
Despise thy work, disdain thy feeble voice;
Angels attend thee in thy mission round,
And ever in thy labors kind rejoice.

Through forests dark and wild, o'er mountains high,
In wilds wherever human foot has trod,
To dark benighted, fallen, wretched men,
Thou art the high Ambassador of God.

No ravening beasts, nor savage cruel men,
Thy firm and dauntless heart can ever move,
Nor summer's burning heat, nor winter's cold,
Can stay thy noble embassy of love.

Thou laborest still; waiting thy masters will,
To be discharged, and calmly then obey,
The summons to thine everlasting rest,
In realms of endless light! eternal day!

The time is come! fierce howls the wintry blast;
No farther onward can the wanderer go;
Kneeling, on God he calls; calmly he dies,
Amid a lonely wilderness of snow.

Oh thus to die! and nobly thus to fall!
When on a mission, holy, high like this;
Immortal honor bright, it gives the soul,
"Sacred, substantial, never fading bliss."

Angelic hosts now hail thee welcome home;
Thy godlike spirit dwells among the just;
Though ravening wolves may howl, and roam around,
Thy God will guard his servant's sleeping dust.

PERILOUS PASSAGE ON THE LAKES.

The North American Indians appeared to have far more correct views of the Deity than most heathen nations. Though generally Polytheists, or believers in many gods, yet they believed there was one Supreme God or *Great Spirit* who ruled over all. A person long resident among the Indians, states that he has often seen them pray to the Great Spirit when about to engage in any enterprise of moment, or hazard. An Indian woman of his acquaintance, wishing to visit an island in one of our great Northern Lakes, was in trouble on account of the great hazard of the undertaking. Placing herself in the attitude of prayer, she fervently prayed to the Great Spirit to give her a safe passage. Then addressing herself with energy to paddling her frail canoe through the foaming waters, she was landed on the desired shore in safety.

The thickening foam is on the deep,
The tall grass waves around,
And through the pines, the storm winds sweep,
With wild and mournful sound.

Afar the sullen waters roar,
And low the wild bird flies;
While threatening clouds portentous soar,
And darker frown the skies.

The Indian matron views the scene;
Far off yon island lies;
Loud roars the pathless gulf between,
The lake's broad billows rise.

Undaunted stands the fearless form,
Of one who dares to brave,
The fury of the coming storm,
The madness of the wave.

"Great Spirit, thou dost rule the sea,
By thine Almighty power;
Thy feeble creature calls on thee,
Oh save me in this hour!

When as the wreaths of smoke rolled by,
The fiery deluge came,
Wrapping the prairie, and the sky,
In one broad sheet of flame.

And when the deer flew quickly past,
Urged on by terror wild,
And perished in the fiery blast,
Then thou didst save thy child.

When the fierce wolf, and panther howled,
Around their forest den,
And round my pathway wildly howled,
Still thou wert with me then.

When cruel foemen like a flood,
O'erwhelmed our smiling land,
Nor spared the tender infants blood,
Thou savest me from their hand.

Great Spirit! creature of thy care,
To thee alone I bow;
Thou didst of old in danger spare,
Oh save thy servant now!"

The frail canoe has left the shore;
Far, far behind it lies;
The lightnings flash, the thunders roar,
And darker grow the skies.

But still she calls on God to save;
She plies the nimble oar;
The bark flies on, she skims the wave;
She nears, she gains the shore!

E. G. B.

SKENANDOA, THE ONEIDA CHIEF.

SKENANDOA, the celebrated Oneida chief, was the firm and efficient friend of the United States during the Revolutionary war. He was very savage, and addicted to drunkenness during his youth, but by the effort of Rev. Mr. Kirtland the missionary, and his own reflections, he lived a reformed man more than sixty years, and died in Christian hope. He died in 1816, at Oneida Castle, near Utica, N. Y., at the advanced age, it is said, of one hundred and ten years. He desired to be buried near Mr. Kirtland, his beloved minister and father, that he might, (to use his own expression,) "*Go up with him at the great resurrection.*" To a friend who called on him a short time before his death, he thus expressed himself through an interpreter:

"I am an aged hemlock. The winds of an hundred winters have whistled through my branches; I am dead at the top. The generation to which I belonged have run away and left me; why I live, the Great Good Spirit only knows. Pray to my Jesus that I may have patience to wait my appointed time to die!"

TIME with unsparing hand,
Sweeps all away, the dark brown years have sped;

An aged hemlock, grey with years I stand,
My leaves are scattered, and my top is dead.
An hundred winter's winds have o'er me past,
And left my branches bare amid the chilling blast.

An hundred springs have brought
The swelling buds, the flowers, the early rain,
The sun's bright rays, the forest depths have sought
And freed the streamlets from their icy chain;
They brought the songs of many a woodland bird,
And the green leaves by balmy breezes stirred.

But they shall bring to me
The tender foliage of my youth no more;
My Spring is past, and wasted stands the tree
Whose beauty, Summer's breath can ne'er restore;
Spring, Summer, Autumn, with their charms have flown,
And in my Winter time I stand alone.

And all I used to love
In by-gone years, amid my race are gone;
Still smile the fields, where we were wont to rove;
My comrades heed no more the blushing dawn,
Or the wild notes that called them to the chase,
Like morning vapor, gone! who, who shall fill their place?

The streams go bubbling by,
Beside whose banks, the red man used to stray;
The skies as warmly smile; with softest sigh,
Amid the moaning grove the breezes play:
"Will ye come back, oh friends I loved of yore?"
The winds reply "No more! they come no more!"

Like them I too must go,—
The good Great Spirit, soon for me will call;

Why thus so long, I linger here below,
I know not; but my Savior knoweth all;
Oh friends, that he will grant me patience, pray,
That I may calmly wait, through long delay.

And when that call, I hear,
And longing, weary, I shall go to rest,
Lay me by him, who taught me first to fear
The white man's God, the Father ever blest;
Lay me by him, that I with him may wake,
When the Great Resurrection morn shall break.

Oh brave and honored chief!
Death's summons found thee waiting for the day,
Whose peaceful coming brought thee sweet relief,
And called the prilgrim from his weary way,
To join the blood-washed throng around the throne,
Where age steals on no more, nor grief is known.

E. G. B.

Death of the child of Judge Kingsbury.

FIRST BORN OF THE RESERVE.

Among the first families that wintered on the Connecticut Western Reserve, (the north-eastern section of Ohio,) was that of Judge James Kingsbury. They arrived at Conneaut, (sometimes termed the Plymouth of the Reserve,) during the summer of 1796, soon after the country was first surveyed. Being compelled by business to visit the State of New York, with the expectation of a speedy return to his family, Judge Kingsbury was detained by a severe sickness till winter set in. As soon as he was able, he proceeded on his return, with an Indian to guide him through the wilderness. His horse having been disabled, he left him in the snow, and mounting a bag of flour on his own back, he urged his way onward towards his family. He finally arrived in safety, and found the partner of his cares, reduced by famine to the last stages in which life can be supported ; and near her, on a little pallet, lay the remains of his youngest child, born in his absence, who had just expired for the want of that nourishment which the mother was unable to give.

Child of Ohio's pioneers!
First in its northern wilderness!

'Mid wintry storms and forests wild,
Suffering by hunger, sore distressed!

The Mother helpless, lonely, sad,
In a rough dwelling famished lies:
Her sufferings keen; her friends away;
Her little one, it moans and dies!

Through forest branches bare and high,
Fierce sweeps the wind the cottage pass;
The Wolf-howl and the Panther's scream,
Are heard above the wintry blast.

Where is the husband? father, where?
When will he come? O see thy child!
Vain is the call! louder the wind
Is heard along the forest wild.

A weary wanderer, lost, forlorn,
Perhaps he roams the forest o'er;
Perhaps by ravening beasts he's torn,
Or chilled, he sinks to rise no more.

So spake in tears the suffering wife;
Beside her lay her infant dead,
First born upon the wild Reserve,
By hunger sore its spirit fled.

Through suffering thus, Ohio rose
Thy fields, from out the wilderness;
Thy brave and hardy pioneers,
Millions of freemen yet shall bless.

And such was woman's love, that led
Through western wilds, her fragile form;
Like rainbow beauty, softly shed,
And gleaming brightest through the storm.

HAN YERRY, AND JUDGE WHITE'S GRAND-CHILD.

Judge White, the first settler of Whitetown, N. Y., removed to that place in 1784. Han Yerry, an Oneida Chief, who lived in the vicinity, called on the Judge one day, and asked him if he was his friend? Yes, he replied. Well then, said the Indian, do you believe that I am your friend? The Judge again replied, yes. Then said Han Yerry, I will tell what I want, then I shall know whether you speak *true words*. The Indian then pointed to a little child, the daughter of one of his sons, two or three years old, and said: my wife wants to take her home to stay one night with us, and we will bring her home to-morrow. The feelings of the grand-father and the mother were put to a severe test. They however concluded it would be best to put confidence in the word of the savage, and thus appeal to his sense of honor. They were told to take the child. A long night and day succeeded, with many foreboding fears on the part of the mother. At the close of the day, the little child was brought back, arrayed in all the finery of Indian attire. This adventure was the cause of an ardent attachment between the whites and Indians.

The Indian clasped the smiling babe,
And bade the prattler rest,

In childhood's fearless innocence,
Upon his dusky breast.

And towards his forest home he turned,
While yet the mother's eye
Looked on her child, and red-browed guest,
In strange anxiety.

"Let us be friends," the Indian said,
This prattling child shall be,
Between the pale faced race, and mine,
A pledge of amity.

Back to the Indian's forest home,
This child I bear awhile;
For one amid the woodland wild
Will love his infant smile."

He turns him to depart once more;
Pale grows the mother's cheek!
The conflict 'twixt her love and fear,
A mother's heart may speak.

How shall she let the dear one go,
Far from its mother's breast;
She must, or make a deadly foe
Of her dark Indian guest.

Slow through the forest winding path,
She sees their figures fade;
She gazes still, till they are lost
Amid the deep'ning shade.

The night wears on, and comes the day,
But come no chief or child:
Slow pass the tedious hours away,
The mother's heart is wild.

But sudden up the woodland path,
A stately form appears;
They come! the Indian and the child;
Sad mother, dry thy tears.

Then anxious mother be at rest,
Kind hearts thy child restore;
Thy confidence hath made thy guest
A friend for evermore.

Arms of New Jersey.

THE INDIAN BLESSING, ON NEW JERSEY.

In 1832, a petition was presented by Bartholomew S. Calvin, an aged Delaware Indian, for some compensation for relinquishing some rights his tribe had in hunting and fishing in New Jersey. The Legislature received the petition, and granted 2,000 dollars, being all that was solicited. Calvin returned a letter of thanks to the Legislature, in which he feelingly bears his testimony to the high sense of justice ever shown by the people of New Jersey, to a feeble and wasted people. Said he, "*not a drop of our blood have you spilled in battle.—Not an acre of our land have you taken but by our consent.* *** There may be some who would despise an Indian benediction: but when I return to my people, and make known the result of my mission, the ear of the Great Sovereign of the Universe, which is still open to our cry, will be penetrated with our invocation of blessings upon the generous sons of New Jersey. **** Unable to return them any other compensation, I fervently pray that God will have them in his holy keeping, *** and receive them into his kingdom above."

Brothers! to you the mighty and stout hearted,
To you, who fitly speak the white man's power;
Type of a race, whose glory is departed,
Aged and weak I come to you this hour.

These broad green fields, these hills, these woodlands hoary,
The chieftains of our nation trod of old:

Our smiling lakes, our rivers fraught with story,
We offer to your pale faced race for gold.

For proudly to your honor, be it spoken,
Since first the white man sought these vales we tread,
No treaty of our peace, has yet been broken,
No drop of Indian blood has yet been shed.

Farewell! we go, and blessings be upon you:
The Indian's path is towards "the setting sun;"
Your kindly deeds, your noble acts have won you
The Red Man's thanks, long as his life shall run.

Let others scorn the humble boon we proffer,
An Indian's benediction on your lot,
'Tis all we have to give; and this we offer,
Though humble, hearts like yours, will spurn it not.

And when towards home, our journey we are wending,
And tell the deeds of noble hearts and true;
Then grateful prayers, and warmest blessings, blending,
Shall reach the Almighty's ears for yours, and you.

So spake the Indian, and no prouder story
E'er graced the lists of worldly rank and fame;
No other State can boast the meed of glory,
That's linked New Jersey with thine honored name.

E. G. B.

THE MOTHER PERISHING WITH COLD.

In December, 1827, Mr. Blake, with his wife and infant daughter, while traveling in a sleigh over the Green Mountains in Vermont, were overtaken by a snow storm. The storm was so thick and furious, that their horse refused to stir. Mr. B., realizing his dangerous position, after protecting his wife and child as well as he could against the storm left them, intending to seek for aid at the first house he could find. He was soon benumbed by the cold, and fell, and found himself unable to rise. His wife, as is supposed, alarmed at his long absence, left the sleigh in order to find him. When within thirty rods of her husband, she was overcome by the cold. Knowing her fate, she stripped herself of the thickest part of her clothing and wrapped up her infant daughter. Mr. Blake was found alive the next morning, with his hands and feet badly frozen: the body of his wife was found lifeless and cold: and lifting up the infant from its snowy bed, the hearts of the beholders were rejoiced to see it smile. In the following stanzas, some extracts are taken from Mrs. Seba Smith's expressive lines on this touching incident.

The storm was fierce, the wintry blast
Howled deep at close of day;

And where the snow fell thick and fast,
The travelers pressed their way:
The husband, wife, and infant child,
Alone, amid the tempest wild.

To save that cherished wife and child,
The husband braves the snow;
But the fierce storm grew still more wild,
He can no farther go:
'Tis vain against the blast to press,
He sinks amid the wilderness.

And she the mother with her child!
Sweet woman's song has told,
How bravely in the tempest wild,
She braved the blast so cold:
And how that frail defenceless form
Pressed on, still on, amid the storm.

And how the mantle from her breast,
She folded round her child;
And as she sank at last to rest,
Upon her infant smiled;
With love that death could never chill,
Pressed to her heart that infant still.

Now fiercely howled the wolf afar,
And loudly roared the blast,
With chill of death: the morning star
Its ray around him cast;
And waving pines, with mournful sound,
So deep and solemn, wailed around.

At dawn the traveler passed by,
And found her icy form,
Who, when no earthly friend was nigh,
Perished amid the storm:
"He moved the robe from off the child—
The babe looked up and sweetly smiled."

A mother's love! thus, thus through all
It lives through every ill:
No storms its courage can appal,
Nor icy blast can chill:
Like evergreens 'mid wintry snows,
With brighter beauty ever glows.

CHURCH IN THE WILDERNESS.

In the western part of Virginia, in the mountainous region, the country is thinly settled, and the roads few. In some counties there are no settled clergymen, and the inhabitants are principally dependent on itinerant preachers, to conduct the public worship of their larger religious assemblies. In order to enjoy their religious privileges, they assemble together from a large district of the surrounding country, and once every year form a kind of religious Encampment. The engraving is from an original drawing from Howe's Hist. Coll. Virginia, and represents one of these encampments. The rude structure seen in the central part, is for public religious services. It is surrounded on three sides by rows of log cabins, built for the convenience of the people who assemble here to worship God, in the depth of a wild forest.

In the lone forest, solemn, dark and wild,
Where men from worldly turmoil meet:
Oh sacred spot! where God is worshipped,
In love and unity complete!

No towering turrets meet the wondering eye;
No massive structure high and wide;

No columns high, nor gaudy frescoed walls,
Speaking of wealth, of power, of pride.

Oh no! nought but a simple, lowly shed,
A cover from the sun-lit heat;
No doors to close 'gainst him with "raiment vile,"
Nor is he shown a beggar's seat.

O blessed place! where Christians love to meet,
In this dark wilderness of sin;
To talk of Him they love, oh converse sweet!
Their heavenly work they thus begin.

No pompous priest attempts, with flowery words,
To gain on earth a brilliant name;
Who loves the fleece more than the flock itself:
A stigma on the Christian name.

No puppet men are wanted here to teach,
To show forth things they never knew,
Like tinkling cymbals, and like sounding brass,
Like changing winds, like morning dew.

But in the humble stand, the man of God appears,
With zeal divine, and ardent love;
His soul yearns kindly o'er his fellow men,
And longs to turn their thoughts above.

They feel the flame! they raise their notes of praise;
The forest echoes with their voice:
Oh heart-felt joy! they feel that heaven is near;
They in the love of God rejoice.

Oh for that time! when holy, heavenly power,
Shall cleanse this fallen world from sin;
When every heart, the power of Christ shall prove,
And life immortal feel within.

J. W. B.

THANKSGIVING.

The first settlers of New England, having no regular set fasts and festivals in their church discipline, appointed days of fasting on special occasions, such as times of great mortality, scarcity of provisions, and times of public dangers in times of war. Days of *Thanksgiving* were appointed on occasions of great joy, such as the termination of Indian and French wars, remarkable deliverances from dangers, &c., and especially for abundant crops. This ancient practice is still kept up, and has been extended to many States of our Union, who now annually appoint a day of fasting and humiliation in the spring, and a day of Thanksgiving, generally in the last of November, of each year. The "church going bell," summons the people to the house of God, where the preacher on these occasions, generally recounts the mercies of the past and other years. The scattered members of each family meet under the paternal roof, and it is of gratitude, hilarity and joy.

The rolling year has well nigh fled! Crowned with the mercy of our God each season passed away! Our garners full! enough for each, and all. The

father, grey with years, calls his offspring round; the mother, with willing hand, prepares the dainty treat. The festive board groans with the choicest food. Brothers and sisters meet, in friendship dear, and chastened joy.

This festal day, the happiest of the year, is hailed with joyful welcome. The aged sire, with fond remembrance, and with grateful thanks, tells of the scenes of old. The young in years, blooming in life's fair morn, now meet in childish glee. The merry laugh, the noisy gambols of the joyous youth are heard around.

In times of old, the red man of the forest shade, lurked round our Father's dwellings. Thirsting for blood, he raised the murderous hatchet, and aimed the swift-winged arrow fraught with death. His eye spared not the beauteous maiden bathed in tears, the whitened locks of age, nor infants smiling at their mother's breast.

Oh give your thanks to God, for he is good and kind. The savage lurks around no more! His fearful yells no longer rouse us from our midnight slumbers. His bloody hatchet, buried in earth, remains; his knife is broken, and his arrow wings its deadly flight no more!

The men of France, with their dusky allies, moved from the north, with hostile steps. Red desolation marks their path 'mid wintry snows: in silent watches of the night they burst in upon the sleeping villagers. In horror wakened, they fall in blood. The flames rise high! the morning sun looks on the smoking ruins round.

Give thanks! The mother with her offspring at her breast, trembles no more! The mighty ships

of France, freighted with death, are scattered by the tempest blast, or sunk like lead, beneath the mighty waters! The foe's strong hold, high on the frowning rock, is taken, and on these western shores, he bears his sway no more.

The hostile British hosts, pass o'er our land. Their path is marked by fire and blood. With iron power they strive to crush a people struggling to be free. With proud contemptuous scorn, they forge our chains. They claim the right divine, to guide our thoughts, to take our hard-earned bread, and lord it o'er our land.

Give thanks! that now no despots have the power to say, where, when, and how, to worship God. Give thanks! no one can take our children's bread to feed and pamper lordly pride. No royal pauper here, to feed and clothe, by the hard earnings of the laboring poor. We reap on soil we claim our own, and toil for those we love.

Earth's struggling millions crushed to the dust, look upward with their longing eyes. The bow of Promise glows on dark'ning clouds, that flee before the orb of day. Give thanks! The Despot's power, hoary with age, grows weak; fetters and chains, brown with the rust of time, now break away. With bosom bare, her eye on heaven, fair Truth advances, and the shades of night retire. A voice is heard above, that "God's unsuffering kingdom soon shall come!"

[*I Guide.*]

MAINE.

The morning sun-beams earliest light on thee;
Far eastward lies thy cold and rugged shore:
Thy wealth lies in the forest, and the sea;
Thy sons they range the ocean o'er.

Maine was originally granted by James I. to the Plymouth Company, in 1606, by whom it was transferred to Mason and Gorges in 1624. This territory was afterwards purchased by Massachusetts, and became connected with that State in all its political relations, till it became an independent State in 1820.

While belonging to Massachusetts it was called the "Province," or "District of Maine." It received its name as early as 1633, in compliment to Henrietta Maria of France, wife of Charles I. king of England, who was a possessor of *Maine*, a district, or department in France.

The celebrated Capt. John Smith, so well known in the annals of Virginia, made an unsuccessful attempt to settle this part of the country as early as 1614. The first permanent lodgment of the whites within the State, was made at York, by the Plymouth Colony, in 1630. The first settlers were men of energy and perseverance.

By them, and their sons, the stately forest trees are converted into an article of commerce, and their fisheries have created a hardy race of seamen.

Maine, at the period of its first settlement, was greatly harrassed by the hostile Indians. In 1692, York and Wells were attacked by the French and Indians. From this time till about 1702, was one continued scene of bloodshed, burning and destroying. The inhabitants suffered much for several years before and after the year 1724. As late as 1744, and 1748, persons were captured and killed by the Indians.

During these wars, the Indians in the French interest, were encouraged by the Catholic missionaries from Canada, to make aggressions upon the English, whom they considered as intruders upon the country. One of these was Father *Sebastian Ralle*, a French Jesuit, a man of learning and address, much endeared to the Indians by his religious labors among them for a space of thirty-seven years. He resided at Norridgewock, with a tribe of that name, who had a church at this place. He was killed in an expedition of the English against the Indians in this place, in 1724. After the English had retired, the Indians found the mangled body of their beloved pastor near the cross erected in the village. A monument was erected to his memory in 1833, by Bishop Fenwick, of Boston.

Maine comprises about one-half of the area of New-England. Its northern boundary extends some distance northward of Quebec. It was through the vast wilderness in the north-western section of this State, that Gen. Arnold, with 1,100 men, made his celebrated expedition against Quebec in 1775. By a partial construction of the treaty of 1783, nearly a third part of Maine was claimed by Great Britain. In 1842, a treaty was established, by which the British claims were much restricted.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Old "*Granite State*," thy snowy mountains stand,
And make of thee a Western *Switzerland*:
Thy sons are hardy, brave; firm for the right;
Thy *Sun* is clear, and shines both fair and bright.

The early history of New Hampshire is closely connected with that of Massachusetts. John Mason, Ferdinand Gorges, and others, having obtained of the Plymouth Company several grants of land north of Massachusetts, in 1623, sent from England a few persons to begin a settlement. A part landed at Little Harbor, on the west side of Piscataqua river, and built the first house, which was called "Mason's Hall." The remainder proceeded up the river and began the settlement of Dover.

The first settlers followed fishing and commerce, as their trading business, and their settlements increased but slowly. The first towns, for a period, remained distinct and independent communities. In 1641, these little republics, distrusting their abilities to protect themselves, formed a coalition with Massachusetts, and long remained a part of that Colony.

In 1679, a decree was passed, that New Hampshire should be a separate Province, to be ruled by a President

and Council, who were to be appointed by the king. The first assembly, consisting of eleven members, met at Portsmouth, in 1680. The peace of the colony was long disturbed by the heirs of Mason, who claimed the soil as their property.

New Hampshire suffered much from the Indian wars. Dover was surprised in 1689. Maj. Waldron, and twenty-three others, were murdered. From this period to the close of the French wars, the inhabitants were often harrassed by the incursions of the savages. Many were killed, and others carried into captivity.

In 1719, one hundred families, mostly Presbyterians from the north of Ireland, settled the town of Londonderry. They introduced the foot spinning-wheel, the manufacture of linen, and the culture of potatoes. In 1740, a long and tedious controversy between Massachusetts and New Hampshire, respecting their divisional line, was decided in England, by the Lords in council. New Hampshire declared her independence of Massachusetts in June, 1776, and the same year formed a temporary government. Its present Constitution was adopted in 1792.

New Hampshire is frequently called the *Granite State*, from the vast quantities of that rock found within its territory. The granite is of a superior quality, and much of it is quarried and transported to other States. The State is also called the *Switzerland of America*, on account of the salubrity of its climate ; its wild and picturesque landscapes, and particularly its celebrated *White Mountains*, the highest elevation in New England, and covered with snow for ten months in the year. The scenery, as viewed from Mount Washington, one of the highest of these elevations, is sublime and beautiful.

VERMONT.

"Green Mountain State," thy hardy sons are free,
For "*Freedom, Independence*," honor bright:
Changeless as Evergreen, thy fame shall be—
Strong to defend; firm to sustain the right.

VERMONT derives its name from the Green Mountains, which extend through it. Its territory was first explored by the French, from Canada. The name is derived from the Green Mountains: *verd*, in the French language, signifies *green*, and *mont*, mountain. They are so called on account of the numerous evergreens with which they are covered.

The first settlement in this State was commenced at Fort Dummer, in the south-eastern part, in 1724. On the other side of the State, a fort was built, at Crown Point, in 1731. This part of the country became the seat of war, and was constantly exposed to the incursions of the French and Indians, which of course prevented its early settlement.

After the reduction of Canada, Vermont was rapidly settled, by emigrants principally from Connecticut, who, following the course of the river, located themselves on its banks in the limits of Vermont and New Hampshire.

So rapid was the progress, that during the year 1761, not less than sixty townships, of six miles square, were granted on the west of Connecticut River.

When Gen. Burgoyne lay at Fort Edward, in 1777, he learnt that a quantity of stores had been collected at Bennington by the Americans. To destroy these, as well as to intimidate the patriots and animate the royalists, he sent forward Col. Baum, with 500 men and 100 Indians. Col. Breyman was sent to reinforce him, but did not arrive in time. On the 16th of August, Gen. Stark, of New Hampshire, with about 800 militia men, most of whom were denominated "Green Mountain Boys," attacked Baum in his entrenched camp, and killed or took prisoners nearly the whole of his men. At the close of the action, Col. Breyman arrived; he continued the contest till sunset, and under cover of night was able to effect his retreat.

New York and New Hampshire both laid claim to Vermont till 1764, when New-York obtained a grant from the British Parliament, which put an end to the claims of New Hampshire. New York now attempted to enforce her jurisdiction, but this was resisted by the inhabitants. They claimed to be independent both of New York and New Hampshire, and organized themselves in armed bands, having Colonels *Ethan Allen* and *Seth Warner*, both brave and resolute men, as their leaders.

This controversy continued till the breaking out of the Revolutionary war, when the attention of all parties was turned to a more important object than that which related to titles of lands. In 1777, the people of Vermont declared themselves independent, and organized a government for themselves. In 1790, all controversy with New York was amicably adjusted, and in 1791, Vermont was admitted in the Union. Her present Constitution was adopted in 1793.

[*By the sword he seeks peace under Liberty.*]

MASSACHUSETTS.

Old *Massachusetts*, where the *Pilgrim* band
First found a home, and where their ashes lie;
Foremost in *Freedom's* ranks thy children stand,
On History's page thy fame shall never die.

The first settlement in Massachusetts, was commenced by the Colony at Plymouth, in Dec., 1620. The Colonists were originally from the north of England, and were called *Puritans*, for their uncommon zeal in endeavoring to preserve the *purity* of Divine worship. Being persecuted by their enemies, they fled to Holland, and from thence, after a few years, they sailed for America. Before they landed, they formed themselves into "a body police," and chose Mr. John Carver their first Governor. The whole company who landed, consisted of 101 souls, forty-six of which number died before the ensuing spring.

The territory of Massachusetts, for many years comprised two distinct colonies, "Plymouth Colony," and the "Colony of Massachusetts Bay." In 1692, these colonies were united under one charter, and received the name of Massachusetts, from an Indian tribe so called, who lived around the vicinity of Massachusetts Bay. The word *Massachusetts*, signifies, it is said, in the Indian language, *Blue Hills*.

In 1675, commenced "King Philip's war," the most destructive Indian war, ever waged upon the Infant Colonies. It was terminated by the death of Philip, Aug., 1676. Massachusetts was the greatest sufferer. In the French War, her frontiers were ravaged by the French and Indians from Canada. In 1704, Deerfield was burnt, and in 1708, Haverhill was surprised. In 1692, a great excitement took place, on account of the supposed prevalence of witchcraft in Salem and its vicinity. In 1745, by the exertions of Massachusetts, a force was raised which captured from the French the strong fortress of Louisburg, on Cape Breton.

The great drama of the American Revolution, first opened in Massachusetts: the first blood was shed at Lexington, April 19th, 1775. The battle of Bunker Hill took place, June 17th following. On May 17th, 1776, the British troops evacuated Boston. Massachusetts furnished more men and money, than any of the other colonies, in carrying forward the war of the Revolution. In 1780, the Constitution of the government of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts went into operation.

In 1786, an insurrection took place, generally known as "*Shays Insurrection.*" It appears to have arisen from a number of causes, the most prominent of which were, a decay of trade, scarcity of money, inability of individuals to pay their debts, a relaxation of manners ever attendant on war, and heavy taxes. The leader of the malcontents, was Daniel Shays; who, collecting a force, endeavored to stop the proceedings of the civil courts. On Jan. 25th, Shays appeared at Springfield, at the head of 1100 men, evidently for the purpose of seizing the Arsenal at that place. Gen. Shepherd, who was appointed with a sufficient force to guard this place, warned Shays of his danger, should he attempt to approach. This was unheeded. Gen. Shepherd then ordered his men to fire. Three of the insurgents were killed. The remainder fled, and the rebellion was effectually crushed.

RHODE ISLAND.

Though small in size, thy soul is large in thee;
All "sorts of consciences" find liberty:
Williams, thy founder, in thy wilds first trod,
And gave to all "freedom to worship God."

Rhode Island is the least, in extent of territory, of any State in the Union; but in proportion to its number of inhabitants, its resources are greater. It owes its first settlement to *Roger Williams*, who was banished from Massachusetts on account of his religious sentiments. Mr. Williams commenced his settlement at Providence in 1636. The State embraces what were once called the "Rhode Island and Providence Plantations." The island of Rhode Island, from which the State derives its name, was so called from its fancied resemblance to the ancient Grecian *Island of Rhodes*.

The *Narragansett Indians*, one of the powerful tribes in New England, had their seat in Rhode Island. In *King Philip War*, this tribe was totally ruined by the destruction of their strong hold in Dec. 19th, 1675. Gov. Winslow, with a force of 1000 men from the colonies of Massachusetts, Plymouth and Connecticut, after wading through the snow, attacked their fort, and after a

desperate resistance, it was fired and consumed. In this celebrated *swamp fight*, about one thousand Indian warriors perished. The finishing blow was given to the Indian power in New England, by the death of Philip, who was killed near Mount Hope, by a friendly Indian, August, 1676.

When the New England colonies formed their memorable confederacy, Rhode Island applied to be admitted a member. Plymouth objected, asserting that her settlements were within her boundaries. The commissioners decided she might enjoy all the advantages of the confederacy, if she would submit to the jurisdiction of Plymouth. This she declined, preferring independence to the benefits of a dependent union.

In 1644, Mr. Williams obtained a patent for the territory, and permission for the inhabitants to institute a government for themselves. In 1663, a new charter was granted, which formed the basis of government till 1842, when the present government was adopted. During the Revolutionary war, Rhode Island rendered efficient aid. She gave liberty to a number of hundreds of slaves, on condition they would enter the Revolutionary army. About 300 of them, under the command of Col. Chistopher Greene, defeated the British in their attack on Mud Island, in the Delaware, in 1777.

The original Charter of Rhode Island, confined the right of suffrage, or voting, principally to the landholders. When it became a manufacturing State, this was considered a grievance. In January, 1841, the Legislature, upon the petition of the "*Suffrage*" party, consented to have a convention called to form a new State Constitution. This, however, did not satisfy the Suffrage party, who issued a call for a convention a month previous to that authorized by the State. The different conventions met; each formed a Constitution, which they submitted to the people. The one submitted by the Charter party was rejected, while the Suffrage party declared theirs adopted and established as the supreme law of the State. Both parties chose their State officers, Gov. King at the head of the Charter party, and T. W. Dorr at the head of the other. After a considerable display of military force by both parties, most of the officers chosen by the Suffrage party resigned their situations, and this threatening storm passed over without bloodshed. Dorr was tried for treason, and condemned to hard labor for life, but was liberated in 1844, by the Legislature, after he remained in prison for about one year.

[*He who transplanted still sustains.*]

CONNECTICUT.

"He who transplanted thee, will still sustain;"
Thy patriot shoots are spreading far and wide:
Fair Science, Freedom, follow in thy train;
For Liberty thy sons have bled and died.

At the first period of its history, Connecticut consisted of two colonies, that of Connecticut, and that of New Haven. *Connecticut Colony* was first settled by a company of emigrants from Massachusetts, who, in 1636, pssed through the wilderness, with Messrs. Hooker and Stone, their ministers, at their head. *New Haven Colony* was settled by Rev. Mr. Davenport, Mr. Eaton and others, in 1638. These two Colonies were united under one government in 1662, by a Charter from Charles II.

This Charter conferred unusual privileges. It was obtained by Gov. Winthrop, of Connecticut, who arrived in England at an auspicious period for the colony, as a number of its friends were in high office at court. Mr. Winthrop had "*an extraordinary ring*," which had been given his grandfather by King Charles I., which he presented to the king. This, it is said, exceedingly pleased his majesty, as it had been once the property of a father most dear to him. The New Haven Colony was, at the

first, much dissatisfied with their union with Connecticut, as they feared it would mar the order and purity of their churches, and have a bad effect on the civil administration. In New Haven Colony, no person could vote at the freemen's meetings, unless he was a member of the church; but in Connecticut, all orderly persons, possessing a freehold to a certain amount, could have this privilege.

This Charter was suspended in 1686. Sir Edmund Andross, called the "*Tyrant of New England*," endeavored to take it away, but it was secreted in a large hollow oak, still standing in Hartford, known by the name of "*Charter Oak*." While the other colonies were suffering under the domination of *Royal Governors*, Connecticut remained a free and independent community, being ever governed by rulers of her own chcice.

At the time of the first settlement of Connecticut, the Colony became involved in war with the Pequots; one of the most terrible and warlike tribes in New England. By a most daring attack, led on by Capt. Mason, these Indians were utterly defeated and ruined. In the Revolutionary war, Connecticut was one of the foremost in the struggle, and was lavish of her blood and treasure in the cause. Fairfield, Norwalk, and New London, were laid in ashes, and Hale, Ledyard, Wooster and others, sacrificed their lives for American freedom.

Connecticut, by her Charter limits, extended from Narraganset river on the east, to the *South Sea* on the west. In 1774, a settlement at Wyoming in Pennsylvania, was formed into a town called *Westmoreland*, which sent representations to the Assembly of Connecticut. After the Revolution, it was decided that Connecticut must relinquish her claims to any territory lying within the limits of Pennsylvania. She however claimed the lands *west*, within the range of her northern and southern boundaries. In 1786, Connecticut ceded to Congress all her claims to western territory, except a tract 120 miles in length, now in the limits of Ohio, still called the *Connecticut*, or *Western Reserve*. The proceeds from the sale of these lands constitutes the *School Fund* of Connecticut. Though now small in extent and population, is second to none of her sister states, in the virtue, genius and enterprise of her sons. She has furnished many distinguished men, and some of the most powerful states in this Union, are largely indebted to her, for the elements of their greatness and prosperity.

[*More Elevated.*]

NEW YORK.

"Excelsior," "higher still" thy course shall be,
The motto on thy shield foretells thy fame;
In commerce, wealth, and heaven born Liberty,
"The Empire State" thyself, thou dost proclaim.

The first settlement of New York was made by the Dutch in 1614, on the present sites of the cities of New York and Albany. New York was then named *New Amsterdam*, and Albany *Fort Orange*. The Dutch, in 1629, established a colonial government for this part of the country, calling it *New Netherlands*. In 1664, Charles II. granted to his brother, the Duke of York, afterwards James II., a patent of a tract of country comprising the present states of New York and New Jersey. The same year it was taken from the Dutch and named "New York." In 1673, the territory was re-taken by the Dutch, but soon restored to the English by treaty.

During the French and Indian and Revolutionary wars, the territory of New York became the theatre of many important military trensactions. In 1690, the French and Indians from Canada, in the depth of winter burnt Schenectady and massacred the inhabitants. The battles of Lake George and Ticonderoga, the capitulalation of Fort William Henry, the operations at Os-

wego, Niagara, and other posts on the frontiers, are noted events in American history. The celebrated confederacy of the "Six Nations," consisting at first of *five*, then of *six* Indian tribes, was located within the limits of New York.*

In the Revolutionary period, the Americans were forced to abandon the city of New York, which was taken possession of by the British troops, in Sept., 1776, and occupied by them till the "evacuation," Nov. 25th, 1783, when Gen. Washington marched in with the American troops. The battles on Long Island, at White Plains, capture of Fort Washington, treason of Arnold, storming of Stony Point, and the surrender of Burgoyne, all within the limits of the State, are prominent events in the Revolution.

The first constitution of state government was adopted in 1777, the second in 1822, the present one in 1846. New York was the seat of the Federal Government during the first year of its existence. During the last war with Great Britain, her territory again became the theatre of important military operations. She has pursued a wise policy in sustaining objects of public utility, and now ranks as the "*Empire State*," being the first in wealth, resources, commerce and population.

---

* The Iroquois, or the confederated tribe called the Five Nations, were in possession of most of the territory within the limits of New York, at the time of its first settlement by the Dutch. The confederacy consisted originally of five nations, the *Mohawks*, (the leading tribe,) the *Oneidas*, the *Onondagas*, the *Cayugas*, and the *Senecas*. In 1712, they were joined by the *Tuscaroras*, a tribe driven by the Carolinians from the frontiers of Virginia. After this, the confederacy of the Iroquois was called the "*Six Nations*." At the time of the first European settlements, they were estimated in number, from twenty to twenty-five thousand. At the time of the Revolutionary war, all these tribes, with the exception of the Oneidas, took up the hatchet against the Americans. Their principal leader was *Col. Joseph Brandt*, a chief of the Mohawk tribe, who was educated under the care of Dr. Wheelock, first President of Dartmouth College. He held a commission under the British government, and died in Canada in 1807.

NEW JERSEY.

Thine are the battle-fields for Freedom won;
Thine is the soil that patriot blood hath stained;
The Storm of War that swept o'er thee has gone,
And left thy noble sons the victory gained.

It is believed that the first settlement in the limits of New Jersey, was commenced at Bergen, about the year 1628, by a number of Danes, or Norwegians, who accompanied the Dutch colonists who came over to New Netherlands. In 1623, the Dutch West India Company dispatched Capt. Mey, with a company of settlers, to the Delaware. Mey entered Delaware Bay, and gave his name to its northern cape, [Cape May,] and built a fortification a few miles below Camden, calling it *Fort Nassau.* In 1637, a colony of Swedes purchased lands on both sides of the Delaware, and began settlements. The first *English* settlement in New Jersey, appears to have been made at Salem, in 1641, by persons from New Haven, Conn.

In 1664, the Duke of York made a grant of New-Jersey to Lord Berkley and Sir George Carteret. It was granted to these proprietors for ten shillings, and an annual rent of "one pepper corn," to "be paid on the day of the nativity of St. John the Baptist, if legally demanded." These two proprietors formed a constitu-

tion, gave liberty of conscience, and appointed Carteret Governor. It is said that the territory was named New Jersey in compliment to Carteret, who defended the Island of *Jersey* against the Long Parliament during the civil wars.

The Province was divided into two parts, East and West Jersey. In 1677, Lord Berkley, who owned *West* Jersey, becoming dissatisfied, sold his right or interest to John Fenwick and Edward Byllings, of the Society of Friends, or Quakers. Many persons of this religious faith emigrated to this part of New Jersey soon afterwards. In 1702, the proprietors surrendered their right of government to the English Crown, and Queen Anne established a royal government, which continued till the Revolution.

New Jersey was the seat of war during the bloody struggle between Great Britain and the Colonies. Some of the most important battles were fought within her limits. Her proportionate losses in men and property, was greater than any of her sister States, and her sufferings in the cause of American freedom entitle her to the gratitude of her sister States.

New Jersey was originally settled by the *Lenni Lenape*, or *Delaware* Indians, as they are usually called. In 1832, a grant of $2000 was obtained from the Legislature of New Jersey, by B. S. Calvin, an aged Indian representing the Delaware tribe, for some claims they had against the State. Their claim was nobly advocated by Mr. Southard, and at the close of his speech he remarked: "That it was a proud fact in the history of New Jersey, that every foot of her soil had been obtained from the Indians by fair and voluntary purchase; a fact that no other State in the Union can boast of." The sum that Calvin received was not large, but it was all he asked for, and considering the nature of the claim, it must be regarded as an act of beneficence as much as of justice. The councils of Barclay and of Penn, (the former a Governor, and the latter a proprietor of the colony,) seemed to have influenced their successors, and it is with feelings of honest pride that a Jerseyman may advert to the fact, that the soil of his State is unstained by a battle with the Indians, and that every acre has been fairly purchased.

PENNSYLVANIA.

Land of immortal *Penn*, of *Love* and *Peace*,
Amid thy sister States thy fame is bright,
And still with coming centuries, shall increase,
While firm and true thy sons maintain the Right.

The Dutch appear to have been the first who endeavored to explore, and colonize the country, lying on both sides of Delaware Bay and River. In 1631, the Swedes laid out the present town of Newcastle on the Delaware, and at the same time, it is believed they constructed a number of small forts, or block houses, within the present limits of Pennsylvania. One of the forts was on Tencum Island, in Delaware river. This they called *New Gottemburg*, and Printz, the Swedish governor, had a plantation on the island.

In 1655, Gov. Stuyvesant, the Dutch Governor at New Amsterdam, [New York,] sent a force of 700 men against the Swedes on the Delaware, who, being unprepared for resistance, surrendered. The English conquest was in 1664.

In 1681, King Charles II. granted Pennsylvania to William Penn, in consideration of services rendered the crown by Admiral Penn, his father. The name compounded of *Penn*, and *sylva*, a grove of wood, was given by the king, and signifies literally *Penn's Woods*.

In 1682, William Penn, with his colony of Friends or Quakers, landed on the shores of the Delaware, purchased the land of the natives, and laid the foundation of Philadelphia, his capital. The colony was governed by deputies, appointed by the Proprietors, till the commencement of the Revolutionary war. Penn died in 1718, leaving his interests in Pennsylvania, as an inheritance to his children. Their claim was eventually purchased by the Commonwealth, for £130,000 sterling.

In 1767, Mason's and Dixon's line was drawn to mark the boundary between this state and Maryland; and in 1784, the north-western portion of this State, not being included in the former purchase, was bought of the Indians. The first constitution was adopted in 1776, the second in 1790, and the present one in 1838.

During the Revolutionary war, Philadelphia was the seat of the General Government, and it continued here till it was removed to Washington, in 1800. The old State House in which Congress sat when Independence was declared, is still remaining. The original bill, cast many years before the Revolution, still hangs in the town, having a remarkable inscription, "*Proclaim liberty throughout the land, to all the inhabitants thereof.*" Lev. xxv, 10. After the battle of Brandywine, Sept. 11th, 1777, the British took possession of Philadelphia, which they retained till the following June. In July, 1778, the settlements of Wyoming, were visited by a band of tories, and Indians. A large portion of the men in the settlements were killed in battle; others massacred; the settlements were laid waste, and the women and children fled through the wilderness for safety. In 1794, occurred the "*Whiskey Insurrection.*" This took place in the four western counties of Pennsylvania, on account of duties laid by Congress on spirits distilled in the United States, and upon Stills. This law bore hard upon the western counties, as whiskey at that period was almost their only article of export. An armed body of insurgents having committed some outrages, President Washington ordered Gov. Lee, of Maryland, with a body of 1500 men, to the scene of disturbances. On the approach of this force, the insurgents laid down their arms, and promised obedience to the laws.

DELAWARE.

Smallest in number of the old thirteen,
Thy soul is large for truth and freedom famed:
The Swedes and Fins first sought thy vallies green,
Thy southern cape, Point Paradise they named.

DELAWARE is the smallest in population, and, except Rhode Island, the least in extent of any State in the Union. It was first settled by a company of Swedes and Fins, under the patronage of King Gustavus Adolphus. This company came over in 1627, and landing at Cape Henlopen, were so much charmed with its appearance, that they named it *Paradise Point.* It was however afterwards called Cape Henlopen, from a Dutch navigator of that name. The Swedes purchased lands on both sides of the Delaware from the Indians. They called the country *New Sweden*, and the river *New Swedeland Stream.* They seated themselves at the mouth of Christian Creek, near Wilmington. The name of *Delaware* was derived from Sir Thomas West, Lord *Delaware*, Governor of Virginia, who died on his voyage near the mouth of the bay.

The Swedes being molested by the Dutch, built forts at Christiana, Chester and Tinicum. This latter place, now in the limits of Pennsylvania, was their seat of gov-

ernment, and their Governer Printz, erected a strong fort of hemlock logs, and a splendid mansion for himself, called "Printz Hall." In 1651, the Dutch built a fort at New-Castle. Printz considering this to be within the Swedish territories, protested against it, and Risingh his successor, took the fort by stratagem, when enjoying the Dutch hospitality.

Stuyvesant, the Dutch Governor of New York, in 1664, sailed to the Delaware, reduced all the Swedish settlements, and all the inhabitants who would not take the oath of allegiance to Holland, were sent to Europe. The wife of Pappegoia and daughter of Gov. Printz, who, notwithstanding all the advantages of living in her father's mansion, was so poor from the want of laborers, that the Dutch government granted her a small aid, which was for some time an ox and some hogs both fatted, and grain for bread yearly.

After the conquest of the Dutch by the English, William Penn, in 1682, purchased of the Duke of York, the town of New Castle, and twelve miles around it; and by another purchased the land from New Castle to Cape Henlopen. These tracts, which constitute the present State of Delaware, were called the "Territories," and were for twenty years, governed as a part of Pennsylvania. Its first constitution was adopted in 1776, its present one in 1831. In the Revolutionary war, the Delaware Regiment was considered the most efficient in the Continental army.

MARYLAND.

Justice, with scales and sword, is type of thee,
And firm for Freedom mayst thou ever stand;
Thy founder, BALTIMORE, sent o'er the sea,
And freedom kindly gave in Maryland.

IN 1632, George Calvert, a distinguished Catholic, (usually called Lord Baltimore,) applied to Charles I. for a territory for the purpose of establishing a colony. He was of Flemish descent, but born in England, and was created Baron of Baltimore, in Ireland, in 1625. Before the grant had passed the royal seal, he died, and the territory was granted to Cecil Calvert, his oldest son, about two months afterwards. The country was named *Maryland*, in honor of Henrietta *Maria*, the queen consort of Charles I.

In 1634, Leonard Calvert, first Governor of Maryland, and brother of Cecil, the proprietor, with about 200 Catholic emigrants, arrived at Point Comfort in Virginia. He then proceeded up Chesapeake Bay, entered the Potomac, which he sailed up twelve leagues, and came to an anchor under an island, which he named St. Clement's. Here he fired his cannon, erected a cross, and took possession "in the name of the Savior of the world, and the King of England."

Having peaceably purchased the land of the Indians, Gov. Calvert located himself at St. Mary's. By granting free toleration, and giving equal protection to all religious denominations, Maryland became a prosperous colony, and an asylum for those who were persecuted for religious opinions in the other colonies.

The first assembly was composed of the freemen in the colony. In 1639, there was a change—the House of Assembly was made up of representatives chosen by the people. In 1650, there was another change, by which the Legislature was divided into two houses—the proprietors choosing one body, the people the other. During the civil wars in England, the name of papist became so obnoxious, that the Parliament assumed the government of the province, and appointed a new Governor.

Many changes took place in the government till the Revolutionary war, when the authority fell into the hands of the people. In 1776, they adopted the Constitution, which has been frequently amended. During the Revolutionary struggle, Maryland bore her full share of the sufferings, dangers, and privations of the contest.

In the second war with Great Britain, after the enemy had made a successful attempt against Washington, they were emboldened to undertake an expedition against Baltimore. On the 12th of Sept., 1814, Gen. Ross, with 5000 men, landed at North Point, about fourteen miles from the city. The militia were called into the field; the aged and the rich voluntarily entered the ranks; and Gen. Striker, with 3000 men, was ordered to retard the advance of the enemy. The advanced parties met about eight miles from the city. In the skirmish which ensued, Gen. Ross was killed. The enemy, however, continued to advance, and the Americans fell back to their entrenchment, about two miles from the city. After the enemy had landed at North Point, the British fleet sailed up the Petapsco, and bombarded Fort McHenry and Fort Covington. These were bravely defended, the fleet was repulsed, and the commander of the troops finding the naval force could render no assistance, retreated to North Point, and re-embarked his forces. The loss of the Americans, in killed and wounded, amounted to one hundred and sixty-three, among whom were some of the most respectable citizens of Baltimore.

[*Thus always with tyrants.*]

VIRGINIA.

"Mother of States and Statesmen," still thy fame,
Rich with the glowing history of the past,
Shall find amid thy country's lists a name,
And round thy sons a fadeless halo cast.

VIRGINIA is distinguished as the largest, and the earliest settled of the original thirteen States. It was named Virginia, by Sir Walter Raleigh, in honor of Elizabeth, the virgin Queen of England. It is often called the "*Old Dominion.*" This name appears to have been given for her loyalty to Charles II., during the civil wars in England. *Chesapeake*, the name of the bay forming the eastern boundary, is an Indian word, signifying "*Mother of Waters.*"

The "London Company," having received a grant of Virginia, fitted out three ships with one hundred and five men, to begin a settlement. They landed at Jamestown, May 13th, 1607, and began the first permanent English settlement in North America. Among these adventurers, were but *four* carpenters, and *twelve laborers*, to *fifty four gentlemen.* The colonists suffered much for want of provisions, and in four months from the time of their landing, fifty of the company had perished. By the

exertions and address of Capt John Smith, they were probably saved from destruction.

In 1608, Capt. Newport brought over 120 persons to join the colony, with supplies of provisions. In 1609, five hundred men, women, and children were sent over, who finding the colony so much reduced by sickness and want, they resolved to abandon the country, and actually sailed for England. But the next day, meeting Lord Delaware, with fresh supplies, they all returned and prosecuted the planting of the country.

In 1619, the first legislative body in this country met at Jamestown. As many had become dissatisfied, and contemplated returning to England, the London Company, in 1620, sent over more than ninety young women, to be disposed of as wives to the young planters. At first, the price was 100 lbs. of tobacco each, but the demand was so great, that it was increased to 160 lbs. In 1620, a Dutch ship from the coast of Guinea, entered James River, and sold twenty *slaves* to the colonists, being the first introduced into the country.*

In 1624, King James dissolved the London company, assumed the government, and appointed a Governor. For a long period, Virginia experienced much trouble and difficulties with their various governors. The State adopted its first Constitution in 1776, and its present one in 1830. Virginia is distinguished for being the birth-place of many illustrious men, and was one of the leading States that distinguished themselves in the Revolutionary war. In 1781, the surrender of Lord Cornwallis, at Yorktown, in this State, decided the Revolutionary contest. While the name of WASHINGTON appears on the page of American history, Virginia will be honored and revered among her sister States.

---

* Virginia, having an extensive territory and many slaves, has ever been sensitive in regard to this class of her population. About the year 1800, a well organized insurrection of slaves in the immediate vicinity of Richmond, was mercifully prevented by the timely discovery of a young slave, and the sudden rise in the river rendering it impassible. In 1831, *Nat Turner*, a fanatical slave in Southampton county, moved, as he said, by certain appearances in the sun, in August, collected a body of 60 or 70 slaves, and commenced the work of indiscriminate massacre. Fifty-five men, women and children, were murdered before the Insurrection could be suppressed.

NORTH CAROLINA.

The old "North State," for Freedom's holy laws,
For Liberty thy noble sons declared;
First to defend thy Country's injured cause,
The glorious boon of Independence shared.

In 1630, Charles I. granted to Sir Robert Heath, a territory south of Virginia, extending from the Atlantic Ocean, to the South Sea, by the name of Carolina. Between 1640 and 1650, persons suffering from religious persecution in Virginia, fled beyond her limits, and without license from any source, occupied that portion of North Carolina, north of Albemarle Sound. Their number annually augmented, and were enabled by the fertility of the soil, with little labor, to live in abundance. "They acknowledged no superior on earth, and obeyed no laws, but those of God and nature."

As Sir Robert Heath had not complied with the conditions of his patent, the king, in 1633, granted the same territory to Lord Clarendon and seven others, and gave them the powers of government. To encourage emigration, religious liberty was granted. At the request of the proprietors, a constitution of government was prepared by the celebrated John Locke. This instrument provided that the Governor or *Palatine,* should hold his

office during life, and that the office should be hereditary. It also provided, that a hereditary nobility should be created, to be called *land-graves* and *caziques*, and that, once in two years, representatives should be chosen by the free-holders. All these, with the proprietors or their deputies, were to meet in one assembly, which was to be called the *Parliament*, and over which the Palatine was to preside. This Constitution caused great disorder in the colony, and it was abolished in 1693. In 1729, the Crown purchased from the proprietors, the Carolinas, for £17,500 sterling, and established two separate Governments, called *North* and *South Carolina*.

In 1707, a Company of French Protestants, arrived and seated themselves on the river Trent. In 1710, they were joined by a large number of *Palatines*, who fled from Germany on account of religious persecution. In 1712, the Tuscarora, and other Indians, formed a plot to murder all these settlers. In one night, twelve hundred of these savages, in separate parties, broke in upon their settlements, and murdered men, women, and children. Gov. Craven, of South Carolina, dispatched nearly a thousand men, under Col. Barnwell, who followed the savages into a hideous wilderness, defeated them, and compelled them to sue for peace. The Tuscaroras soon after went to the north, and joined the *Five* nations; this making the *sixth* tribe of that confederacy.

About the year 1730, the soil in the interior of North Carolina, was found to be more fertile than that on the coast. Many emigrants from the northern colonies, particularly from Pennsylvania, now settled in this section. In May, 1775, the "Committee of Safety" met in Mecklenburg County, and by a series of resolutions, declared themselves "*free and independent*" of the British Crown. In 1796, the State adopted its Constitution, which with some modifications continues to the present time.

SOUTH CAROLINA.

Palmetto like, she towers above the rest,
While with her sister States she takes her stand;
With chivalry inspired, with fearless breast,
Firm in their rights, her sons together stand.

The first settlement of this State was made by Gov. Sayle, at Port Royal, in 1670. The next year he founded old Charleston, on the banks of the Ashley river. In 1684, all the freemen meeting at this place elected representatives to sit in Colonial Parliament, according to the Constitution prepared by Mr. Locke. The situation of Charleston being found inconvenient, the inhabitants, in 1680, removed to the site of the present city of Charleston. The first Constitution of State government was formed in 1775; the present one in 1790.

Several circumstances, at this period, tended to promote the growth of the colony. The Puritans, from England, came over, to avoid the licentiousness which disgraced the Court of Charles II.; the Cavaliers also came to restore their fortunes, exhausted by the civil wars. The conquest of New York induced many of the Dutch to resort to it. The arbitrary measures of the French King drove many of his Protestant subjects into exile, some of whom came to Carolina. Many of these exiles were rich, industrious, and of exemplary lives.

Many of the prominent settlers being Episcopalians, they procured the passage of a law establishing the Episcopal religion, and excluded dissenters from the Assembly. This illiberal proceeding made much trouble in the colony, till it was made void by Queen Anne. In 1702, Gov. Moore, of Carolina, made an unsuccessful expedition against St. Augustine, then a Spanish settlement. In 1706, the Spaniards from Florida, invaded Carolina ; but Gov. Johnson was so well prepared for them at Charleston, that they retired without doing much injury.

In 1715, a distressing Indian war broke out. All the tribes from Florida to Cape Fear, engaged in a conspiracy to extirpate the whites. Having massacred many of the inhabitants, Gov. Craven, at the head of 1200 men, marched against the savages, and defeated them at their camp at *Saltcatchers*. In 1738, occurred an alarming insurrection among the blacks, but it was speedily put down.

In 1780, the British troops took possession of Charleston. South Carolina was the theatre of some of the fiercest struggles of the Revolution, at the *Cowpens*, *King's Mountain*, and *Eutaw Springs*. Gen. *Francis Marion*, one of the ablest and one of the most successful partizan officers in the Revolution, was born near Charleston. At the commencement of the conflict, he was a captain in Col. Moultrie's regiment. He was entrusted with a small force employed in harassing the British and Tories, and gained a number of important advantages, which procured him, in 1780, the commission of a brigadier general. He continually surprised and captured parties of the British, and their friends, by the secrecy and rapidity of his movements. In 1781, he captured a number of forts, and forced the Briitsh to retire to Charleston. He received the thanks of Congress for his intrepid conduct at the battle of Eutaw Springs. "He seldom failed of capturing his enemy, and almost always did it by surprise. His courage was the boldest, his movements the most rapid, his discipline severe, and his humanity most exemplary."

GEORGIA.

Form George, the Sovereign, was derived thy name:
In the far South thy sunny bowers of green:
A refuge for God's poor, of old, thy fame;
Youngest thou art, of all the old thirteen.

Georgia was the last settled of the thirteen original States. Its territory was included within the limits of the Carolina charter, but no settlement was made till after that charter was forfeited. In the reign of George II., several benevolent persons in England, formed a plan of planting a colony in this region. Their principal object was to seek a place for the poor people of Great Britain and Ireland; also a place of refuge for the persecuted Protestants of all nations.

In 1732, a patent was obtained, conveying to twenty-one trustees, the territory now constituting the State of Georgia. These trustees having first set an example themselves, by largely contributing to the scheme, undertook also to solicit benefactions from others, and to apply the money towards clothing, arming, purchasing utensils for cultivation, and transporting such poor people as would consent to go over and begin a settlement. The Trustees managed the concerns of the colony. One of

their regulations were, that the lands should not be sold by the owners, but should descend to their male children only. They also forbade the use of rum in the colony, and strictly prohibited the importation of slaves. But none of these regulations remained long in force.

In Feb., 1733, James Oglethorpe, with 116 emigrants commenced a settlement at Savannah. Many persons afterwards arrived, and to each a portion of the wilderness was assigned. But it was soon found, that these emigrants, who were the refuse of cities, had been rendered poor by idleness, and irresolute by poverty, were not fitted to fell the forests of Georgia. The trustees therefore made liberal offers to all who would come over and settle in the colony. In consequence of this, more than 400 persons from Germany, Scotland, and Switzerland, arrived in the year 1736. The Germans settled at Ebenezer, and the Scotch at New Inverness, now Darien.

In 1736, the celebrated John Wesley, made a missionary visit to Georgia, and two years after, George Whitfield, another celebrated Methodist preacher, arrived in the colony for the purpose of establishing an *Orphan House*, where poor children might be fed, clothed, and educated in the knowledge of Christianity. War having been declared against Spain, Gen. Oglethorpe, at the head of about 2000 men, partly from Virginia and Carolinas, undertook an expedition against Florida. He took two Spanish forts, besieged St. Augustine, but was obliged to abandon the siege and return. Two years afterwards, in 1742, the Spaniards invaded Georgia, and the colony was in imminent danger. By an artful stratagem of Gen. Oglethorpe, in which he made the Spaniards believe a large force was coming to his assistance, they fled with such precipitation, that they left several cannon, and a quantity of provisions behind them.

During the Revolutionary war, Georgia was overrun by the British troops, and many of the inhabitants were obliged to flee into the neighboring States for safety. The sufferings and losses of her citizens, was as great in proportion to her numbers and wealth, as in her sister States. In Dec., 1778, Savannah was taken by the British, and in October following, *Count Pulaski*, a Polish officer in the American service, was killed in an unsuccessful assault on this place. The first State Constitution was formed in 1777, the second in 1785, and the present in 1798, and amended in 1839.

FLORIDA.

Far to the sunny South, sweet land of flowers,
De Soto trod thy shores in olden time;
The *Creek* and *Seminole* have roamed thy bowers,
Who now have vanished from thy sunny clime.

Florida was discovered by Sebastian Cabot, sailing under the flag and patronage of England, in 1497. In 1512 and 1516, Ponce de Leon, one of the companions of Columbus on his second voyage, explored this part of the country. It was called Florida, from the circumstance of its being discovered on *Palm Sunday;* or, as some say, from the numerous *flowering* shrubs which every where gave the country a beautiful aspect.

In 1539, Ferdinand de Soto, who had been an officer under Pizarro, sailed from the island of Cuba, of which he was Governor, with about 1000 men, and landed on the western shore of Florida. From the Gulf of Mexico, he penetrated into the country northward and westward, in search of gold. The Spaniards wandered about in the wilderness for four years; De Soto and about half his men perished before they got back to the Spanish settlements. In 1553, the French attempted to establish a colony, which occasioned a contest between them and the Spaniards, in which the latter were finally victo-

rious. In 1763, Florida was ceded to Great Britain by Spain, in exchange for Havana. The Spaniards reconquered it in 1781. In 1819, the Spaniards ceded it to the United States as a compensation for their spoliations on the commerce of the United States. In 1822, East and West Florida were formed into one territory. In 1845, Florida was admitted into the Union as a State. Its Constitution was adopted in 1838.

The *Seminole Indians* occupied, until lately, the *Everglades*, a flat, marshy district, in the central and southern part of Florida. As early as 1821, the National Government were urged to remove the Creeks, who had fled into this territory, and incorporated themselves with the Seminoles. Difficulties continuing with the Indians, a Treaty was made in 1832, at Payne's Landing, in which they agreed to remove west of the Mississippi. This treaty being considered by many of the Seminoles as unfair, they refused to remove. In 1835, Gen. Thompson having a dispute with *Osceola*, a favorite chief of the Indians, caused him to be arrested, and put him into irons for a day. Osceola was exasperated, and determined upon revenge.

On Dec. 28th, 1835, Major Dade, with 117 men, fell into an ambuscade of the Indians, and were all killed but three men, one or two of whom afterwards died of their wounds. Gen. Thompson and some of his companions were waylaid the same day, and killed, in sight of Fort King, by a party of Indians headed by Osceola. After a variety of conflicts, Osceola, in Oct. 1837, with about 70 warriors, under the protection of a flag, came into the camp of Gen. Jessup, who caused him to be forcibly detained. He was taken to St. Augustine, thence to Fort Moultrie, at Charleston, where he died, Jan. 1838. This harassing warfare was brought to a close by Col. Worth, in 1842, after millions of money had been expended, and hundreds of valuable lives sacrificed. Great numbers of soldiers perished by disease contracted by traversing through swamps, morasses, and waters of stagnant lakes, in pursuing the Indians from place to place.

ALABAMA.

Thy snowy wealth o'er all thy fields is spread,
Makes wings for commerce, on the ocean wide:
On shivering want, its fleecy gifts are shed,
That freight the barks, which o'er thy rivers glide.

Most of the territory of Alabama, was included in the original patent of Georgia. In 1802, Georgia ceded all her territory west of Chattahoochee river, to the United States; and extending to the Mississippi river, it was erected into the Mississippi Territory in 1817. It continued a part of the Mississippi Territory until 1819, when a State constitution was formed, and in 1820, it was admitted into the Union, as an independent State. Since the termination of the Creek war in 1814, Alabama has grown rapidly in population and wealth, by her agricultural productions, of which *cotton* is the principal.

De Soto, a Spanish officer, appears to have been the first European who traversed the soil of Alabama. This was in 1540. In 1701, D'Iberville, a distinguished French naval officer, erected a fort at Mobile, which, for a number of years, appears to have been the principal seat of the French power in its southern settlements. In

1704, Louis XIV., the French king, sent over twenty virtuous young women, in order, as he stated, "to be married to the Canadians, and to the other inhabitants of Mobile, in order to consolidate the colony." They proved to be an important and valuable addition to the colony, though it appears that a kind of insurrection took place, in which they threatened to leave the country the first opportunity, for having enticed from home, (most of them being from Paris,) to live on corn, when they were promised "the milk and honey of a land of promise."

At the period of the second war with Great Britain, Alabama was a theatre of Indian warfare, as a great part of the State at that time was inhabited by a number of tribes of Indians, of whom the *Creeks* were the principal. These Indians received their name, from the fact of the country which they inhabited, having numerous *creeks* or streams of water. In 1812, the Creeks having been stirred up to war by Tecumseh, the celebrated Shawnee warrior, commenced hostile operatrons. In Aug., they fell on Fort Mimms: the garrison made a desperate resistance, but out of three hundred men, women, and children, only seventeen survived the massacre. The adjoining States were now roused to action. In Nov., Gen. Jackson, assisted by Generals Coffee, Floyd, and Claiborne, entered the Indian country. Gen. Jackson defeated the Indians at Talladega, where two hundred and ninety of their warriors were left dead upon the field. On Nov. 29, Gen. Floyd attacked the Creeks on their sacred ground at Autossee. The Indians fought bravely in its defense, but were overcome. Four hundred of their houses were burned, and 200 of their bravest warriors killed, among whom were the kings of Autossee and Tallahassee.

The last stand of the Creeks was at Tohopeka, a fortified place at the bend of the Tallapoosa, called by the whites the "*Horse-shoe-bend.*" The Indians had erected a breast-work, from five to eight feet high across the peninsula, where a thousand of their warriors had collected. These fought desperately, but were entirely defeated. Five hundred and fifty of their number were killed on the peninsula, and many were drowned or shot in attempting to cross the river. The victory ended in the submission of the remaining warriors, and in 1814, a treaty of peace was concluded, and the Creeks now have removed westward of the Mississippi.

MISSISSIPPI.

Father of Waters! like a smiling child,
Thy namesake State upon thy border lies;
Where roamed the *Chickasaw* and *Choctaw* wild,
Amid thy woods, now smiling fields arise.

In 1716, Bienville, one of the Governors of Louisiana, sailed up the Mississippi as far as Natchez, erected and garrisoned a fortification which he called "*Fort Rosalie.*" This spot had been marked down by Iberville, in 1700, as an eligible spot for a town, of which he drew a plan, and which he called *Rosalie*, the maiden name of the Countess Pontchartrain, of France.

In 1729, the Natchez nation of Indians, feeling themselves aggrieved by the French, laid a plot for their destruction. On the 28th of Nov., they appeared in great numbers about the French houses, telling the inhabitants they were going a hunting. They sang after the calumet, in honor of the French commander, and his company. Each having returned to his post, a signal was given, and instantly the massacre began. Two hundred Frenchmen were killed. "Of all the people at Natchez, not more than twenty French, and five or six negroes escaped. One hundred and fifty children, and eighty women, with nearly as many negroes, were made prisoners.

The French governor of Louisiana, M. Perier, resolved on avenging the massacre, sent to the Choctaws, who furnished a body of 15 or 1600 warriors, to assist the French against the Natchez. The Natchez being besieged in their fort by the French, had the address during the night, to make their escape. Learning afterwards, that they had fortified themselves west of the Mississippi, the French followed them thither. Here they were besieged, and compelled to surrender themselves as captives. They were taken to New Orleans, where they were confined in separate prisons; and afterwards were transported as slaves to St. Domingo. Thus perished the Natchez nation, "the most illustrious in Louisiana."

The Chickasaws were the dread of the French colonists, as they had incited the Natchez against them. They occupied a large and beautiful tract east of the Mississippi, at the head of the Tombecbee. This they would not allow the French to occupy, but maintained their own independence. In 1736, a force from New Orleans, under Bienville, and another body from the region of the Illinois, made an unsuccessful attempt against the Chickasaws. Bienville was obliged to throw his artillery into the Tombecbee, and retire down the river. The brave young officer, d'Artaguette, who commanded the party from the Illinois, was compelled to witness the torture and death of his companions, and then dismissed, to go and relate to the whites the deeds of the Chickasaws.

In 1763, the country was ceded to the British. North of the 31st degree of north latitude, this territory was within the chartered limits of Georgia. In 1795, the Legislature of Georgia, sold 22,000,000 acres of land in this State, called the *Yazoo purchase*, to four companies, for $500,000, who afterwards sold it at advanced prices, to various persons, mostly in the eastern and middle states. The next year the legislature declared the sale unconstitutional, and ordered the records of it to be burnt, without refunding the money. The southern section of the State was within the limits of Florida, and was purchased of Spain in 1821. In 1798, this State, together with Alabama, were constituted Mississippi Territory. In 1817, Mississippi, having formed a constitution of State government, was admitted into the Union.

LOUISIANA.

Louis of sunny France, bestowed thy name,
The gay and generous Frenchman roams beneath thy skies,
And rivalling old Orleans, in wealth and fame,
Its namesake on thy soil in beauty lies.

LOUISIANA appears to have been first visited by the Spaniards under *De Soto*, who died at the mouth of Red River, in May, 1542, at the age of forty-two. This celebrated adventurer, finding that the hour of death was come, appointed a successor, and with his dying breath, exhorted his desponding followers to "*union and confidence*," words now emblazoned on the Arms of Louisiana. The Spaniards, to conceal the death of their leader from the Indians, put his body into an oak hollowed out for the purpose, and sunk it in the river. De Soto, it is said, expended 100,000 ducats in this expedition, like the fabled *Pelican* of old, gave his own blood for the nourishment of his brood of followers.

In 1682, M. La Salle, a French naval officer, discovered the three passages by which the Mississippi discharges its waters into the Gulf. La Salle having prepared a column with the arms of France affixed, and a cross, ascended the river to a dry spot above inundation, where, having erected the column, he took possession of

the country. "In the name of the Most High, mighty, invincible, and victorious Prince, Louis the Great, by the grace of God, King of France and Navarre, fourteenth of that name." After the *Te Deum* was chaunted, a salute of fire-arms, and cries of *vive le Roi*, La Salle said, his Majesty, as eldest son of the Church, would annex no country to his crown, without making it his chief care to establish the Christian religion therein : its symbol must now be planted ; which was accordingly done at once, by erecting a cross, before which, religious services were performed. The country was named *Louisiana* in honor of the French King.

La Salle attempted a settlement, but it failed. In 1699, a more successful attempt was made by Iberville, who entered the Mississippi and founded a colony. His efforts were followed up by Crozat, a man of wealth, who held the exclusive trade of the country for a number of years. About the year 1717, he transferred his interest to a chartered company, at the head of which was the celebrated *John Law*, whose national bank and Mississippi speculation, involved the ruin of half the French nobility. The stock of this company at one time, advanced to upwards of *two thousand* per cent., and the notes of the bank in circulation, exceeded *two hundred millions* of dollars. In 1731, the Company resigned the concern to the crown, who in 1762, ceded the whole of Louisiana to Spain. In 1800, Spain re-conveyed the province to the French, of whom it was purchased by the United States in 1803, for fifteen millions of dollars. This purchase included the territory west of the Mississippi. In 1812, the present State of Louisiana formed a Constitution and was admitted into the Union.

On the 8th of January, 1815, a body of about 8000 British troops, under Gen. Packingham, made an attempt to obtain possession of New Orleans. This place was defended by about 6000 militia men under Gen. Jackson. The Americans, behind their breastworks of *cotton bales*, and other materials which no balls could penetrate, poured such a fire on the advancing troops of the enemy, that whole ranks were literally swept away. Gen. Packenham, and Gen. Gibbs, the second in command, were mortally wounded. The enemy retreated with the loss of 2600 men, in killed, wounded, and captured. The American loss amounted to only six killed and seven wounded.

OHIO.

Ohio! "Beauteous River," on thy shore,
Peace, plenty, with their choicest blessings rest,
And dotting with her boats thy waters o'er,
There lies thy city fair, "*Queen of the West.*"

Ohio receives its name from the river, which forms its southern boundary. The word *Ohio*, in the Wyandot language, signifies fair, or "*Beautiful River*," which was the name given to it by the French, the first Europeans which explored this part of the country. In August, 1679, La Salle launched upon Lake Erie, the Griffin, a bark of about 60 tons, with which he proceeded through the lakes to the Straits at Mackinaw. In 1750, a French post had been fortified at the mouth of the Wabash, and a communication was established through that river and the Maumee, with Canada. The French, at this period, had a chain of fortifications back of the English settlements, and the territory north-west of Ohio, was included within the limits of Louisiana.

About this time, the Ohio Company was formed, and for the purpose of checking the progress of the French, made attempts to establish trading houses among the Indians. The first English settlement in the Ohio valley, appears to have been made on the Great Miami, where

they erected a trading house in 1749. In 1752, this was destroyed by the French, and the traders were carried away to Canada. The Moravian missionaries, prior to the American Revolution, had a number of stations within the limits of Ohio. As early as 1762, the missionaries, Heckewelder, and Post, were on the Muskingum. *Mary Heckewelder*, the daughter of the Missionary, is said to have been the first white child born in Ohio.

During the Revolutionary war, most of the western Indians were more or less united against the Americans, by means of the British influence. During the French wars, that nation instigated the Indians to fall on the frontier settlements. In 1782, a party of Americans, under Col. Williamson, murdered, in cold blood, ninety-four of the defenseless Moravian Indians, on the Muskingum. In the same year, Col. Crawford, at the head of about 500 men, was defeated on the Sandusky by the Indians; he was taken prisoner, and burnt at the stake with horrible tortures.

After the Revolution, the States who owned, or had a claim on western unappropriated lands, with a single exception, ceded them to the United States. The State of Connecticut, ceded her claim of soil and jurisdiction, to that part of Ohio, since known as the "*Western Reserve.*" The first settlement in this part of the State, was made at Conneaut, in 1796, by settlers from Connecticut. The first regular, permanent, white settlement within the bounds of Ohio, was commenced in the spring of 1788, at Marietta, so named in honor of *Marie Antoniette*, Queen of France. At this, as well as at other places in this State, are the remains of mounds, and other ancient works, evidently erected by a people which once inhabited this fertile region, far more advanced in civilization than the present race of Indians.

The Indians continuing hostile, in 1790 Gen. Harmer was sent against them with 1300 men. This expedition proved unsuccessful. In 1791, Gen. St. Clair, with a force of 3000 men, assembled at Cincinnati, commenced his march against the Indians on the Maumee. He was defeated with the loss of 600 men killed, among whom was Gen. Butler. In 1794, another army under Gen. Wayne, was sent against the Indians. He encountered the enemy, and after a short and deadly conflict, they were totally defeated, and soon after were compelled to make peace. In 1799, Ohio formed a territorial government, and in 1802, formed a State constitution, and was admitted into the Union.

KENTUCKY.

The hunter *Boone*, the hardy pioneer,
Thy flowery wilds among the first explored;
And in our country's lists, to freemen dear,
Thy gallant sons, thy fame spreads far abroad.

KENTUCKY was originally within the limits of Virginia; its first actual explorer, of whom we have any very definite knowledge, was Col. James Smith, who traveled westward in 1766, from Holston river, with three men and a mulatto slave. They explored the country south of Kentucky, and also Cumberland and Tennessee rivers down to the Ohio. The beautiful tract of country near the Kentucky river, the finest perhaps of the Ohio valley, appears to have been reserved by the Indians as a *hunting ground;* and consequently, none of their settlements were found there.

In 1767, John Finley, and some others, made a trading expedition from North Carolina to this region. Upon his return, he communicated his discoveries to Daniel Boone, and some others, who agreed, in 1769, to undertake a journey to explore it. After a long fatiguing march, over a mountainous wilderness, they arrived upon its borders; and from an eminence, discovered the lovely valley of Kentucky. Here they encamped, and some

went to hunt provisions, which were readily procured, there being plenty of game, while Col. Boone and Mr. Finley, made a tour of the country. But notwithstanding this promising beginning, the company soon found nothing but hardships and adversities. All the companions of Boone were killed by the Indians, and himself taken prisoner. He soon made his escape. He remained in the wilderness for some time, entirely alone. He returned to his family in North Carolina, after an absence of nearly three years. During nearly the whole of this time, he never tasted bread, or salt, nor beheld the face of a single white man, excepting his brother, and his companions who had been killed.

In 1771, Boone, with his family, started to make a settlement in Kentucky, in Powel's valley. Being joined by five more families, and forty men, well armed, they proceeded onward with confidence, but when near the Cumberland Mountains, they were attacked by a large party of Indians, and were obliged to retreat to the settlements on Clinch river. Here they remained till 1774. In this year, James Harrod built the first cabin in the State, on the spot where Harrodsburg now stands. In 1775, Boone erected a fort at Boonsborough, brought his family and some others, and established a permanent settlement. The first settlers were harrassed by the attacks of the Indians for a long period, till Gen. Clark scoured the wilderness, took their posts, destroyed many of their villages, and compelled them to make peace.

In 1777, Burgesses were chosen to represent the county of Kentucky in the Legislature of Virginia. In 1783, Kentucky was formed into a district. In 1785, a Convention was formed for the purpose of procuring an entire separation from Virginia. This was effected the following year. It continued an independent district, till June 1st, 1792, when it was received into the Union as an independent State. The first constitution was formed in 1790, the present one in 1799.

TENNESSEE.

The plough is on thy shield, thy fertile soil,
Like Eden, 'neath thy children's cultivating hand,
With richest fruit rewards their patient toil,
And scatters "plenty o'er a smiling hand."

Tennessee* was originally included in the charter of North Carolina, given by Charles II, in 1664; but no settlement was made beyond the Alleghany Mountains till 1757, when a few hardy pioneers established themselves at Fort Loudon, on Watagua river. The French having stirred up the Cherokees to hostilities against the English settlements, Col. Montgomery was sent with a force to subdue them. After destroying a number of their towns, he was attacked by the Indians and forced to retire without effecting his object. In 1760, the Cherokees blockaded Fort Loudon. The garrison, about 200 in number, having subsisted for some time on horse flesh, agreed to capitulate, on condition they should be allowed to return to Virginia, or Fort Prince George. After marching about fifteen miles from the fort, they

*This State takes its name from its principal river. The Indians are said to have given this name to the river on account of its *curvature*, which gave to their imaginations the form of an *Indian spoon*, which is the meaning of the name.

were treacherously fired on by the savages, and those who were not massacred were made prisoners. The next year, Col. Grant, with about 2,600 men, marched into the Cherokee country, gave battle to the Indians, burned their dwellings and laid waste their country These measures humbled the savages, and compelled them to make peace.

In 1765, settlements were begun on Holston river, and during the Revolutionary war the settlers had frequent contests with the Indians. In 1782, the Legislature of North Carolina appointed commissioners to explore *Davidson County*, (which at that time was very extensive,) and report which part was best for the payment of the bounty promised to the officers and soldiers of that State during the Revolution. A settlement had been made in this part of the State in 1780, under the guidance and direction of Col. Robertson, at a place they named *Nashville*, in honor of Gen. Nash, who was killed at the battle of Germantown, in 1777. The county was named *Davidson*, in honor of Gen. Davidson, who fell in opposing Cornwallis, in 1781. The military warrants were made out, many of the officers and soldiers repaired to this section to secure and settle their lands, and many purchasers from various States of the Union became settlers.

In 1785, the inhabitants of the counties of Sullivan, Washington and Green, lying directly west of the Alleghany mountains, framed a constitution, elected their governor, and erected themselves into an independent State, by the name of the *New State of Franklin*. This premature State was to comprehend "all that tract of country which lies between the mountains and the *Suck* or *Whirl* in the Tennessee river." These proceedings occasioned great confusion and warm disputes, which continued until 1788, when the thoughts of independency were relinquished, and tranquility was restored. The territory was finally ceded to the United States in 1790, and a territorial government was established under the name of the "Territory Southwest of the Ohio River." In 1796, Tennessee was admitted into the Union as a State.

MICHIGAN.

The missionary and the hunter bold,
First ranged thy forest depths in times of old:
Earth's mightiest Lakes, now bound thy lengthened shore,
The *Huron* brave shall tread thy fields no more.

The Huron tribe of Indians, were the aboriginal inhabitants of Michigan. They were anciently very numerous, brave and powerful, and their settlements extended as far north as Lake Superior. As early as 1634, the French Catholic missionaries, founded a mission near Lake Huron, and in 1660, a station was established on the rocky and pine-clad borders of Lake Superior. In 1663, the mission at St. Mary's Falls was founded, and in 1671, Father Marquette gathered a little flock of Indian converts at Point St. Ignatus, on the main land north of the island of Mackinaw. The great body of the Hurons, were converted by the efforts of the missionaries, to the profession of Christianity. The *Iroquois*, or *Five Nations*, made war upon them, and massacred or dispersed most of their number.

In 1667, Louis XIV. sent a party of soldiers to this territory, to protect the French fur-traders. In 1701, a French colony left Montreal, and began the settlement of Detroit, which was a place of resort of the French missionaries, as early as 1620. Having established mil-

itary posts at this, and other places, they soon extended their commerce westward of Lake Michigan, to the Indians on the Mississippi. They were steadily opposed by the Iroquois, and the settlements being somewhat neglected by the French government, they never flourished as colonies. The war of 1756, dispossessed the French of all their northern possessions, and of the rest of this territory, which remained in a neglected state in the hands of the British till the peace of 1783, gave it over to the United States, and a governor was appointed in 1787, for all the territory N. W. of the Ohio. In 1796, the fort of Detroit was ceded by the British to the United States, and the peninsula of Michigan proper was formed into a county, called the county of Wayne. In 1805, it was formed into a distinct territorial government, and in 1836 it was admitted into the Union as a State.

In the war of 1812, the important fortress of Mackinaw, being garrisoned by only 57 men under Lieut. Hanks, was surrendered on the 17th of July to a party of 1000 British and Indians. On the 15th of August, Gen. Brock, with a force of 1300 men, of whom 700 were Indians, summoned Gen. Hull to surrender Detroit, stating that he would be unable to control the Indians if any resistance should be offered. Although Hull had a force of 800 men, yet he supposed it would be useless to resist, and, to the astonishment of all, he surrendered at discretion, without scarcely any opposition. The indignation was great against him, and after he was exchanged, he was tried by a Court martial, sentenced to death, but on account of his age and services in the Revolution, the President remitted the punishment, but deprived him of all military command. On the 22d of January, 1813, Gen. Winchester, who was encamped at Frenchtown on the river Ralsin, was surprised by a force of British and Indians under Gen. Proctor. After a severe contest the Americans surrendered, under a promise of being protected from the Indians. This promise was broken: a large number of prisoners, mostly those who were wounded, were murdered by the Indians. Gen. Winchester's force consisted of about 800 men, principally volunteers from some of the most respectable families in Kentucky. One-third were killed in the battle and massacre that followed, and but 33 escaped. The merciless savages fired the town, dragged the wounded from their houses, killed and scalped them in the streets, and left their mangled bodies in the high-way.

INDIANA.

Land of the *Shawnee* braves, thy fertile plains
The Buffalo wild herd shall tread no more;
Thy far spread prairies teem with golden grain,
And towns arise where forests waved before.

This State, till Jan. 1801, formed a part of the Northwest Territory. It was then created into a separate territory, and Gen. Harrison was appointed Governor. It was admitted into the Union in 1816, and adopted its constitution. The first settlement in this State was made by the French, at Vincennes, as early, there is reason to believe, as the year 1735. This place, or post, received its name from M. de Vincennes, a young and brave French officer, who was killed in an expedition aaginst the Chickasaws, in 1735. At the peace of 1763, between France and England, this country came into possession of Great Britain. In 1779, Vincennes was taken from the British by a party of Virginia militia, under Col. Clark.

Just previous to the war of 1812 with Great Britain, Indiana was harrassed by the hostile movements of the Shawnee and other Indians, led on by *Tecumseh*, and his brother, the *Prophet*. On the 7th of November, Gen. Harrison met a number of the Proph et's messengers at *Tipppecanoe*, a branch of the Wabash, then the principal seat of the Shawanese. Agreeing to a short suspension of hostilities, the Indians endeavored to take Harrison by surprise; they were, however, defeated, with the loss of 170 killed, and 100 wounded.

ILLINOIS.

On thy broad fields, and prairies wild and vast,
The thundering herd shall rush no longer past;
But cultured by the hand of man, thy soil
With rich abundance crowns the laborer's toil.

This State derives its name from the river *Illinois*, an Indian word, signifying a *man full of age, in the vigor of his years.* Illinois river is the *river of men.* The first settlement within the limits of the State, was made by the French, at Kaskaskia, Cahokia, and Peoria, somewhere between the years 1690 and 1700. It appears clear, that Father Gravier began a mission among the Illinois before 1693, and became the founder of Kaskaskia, though in what year we know not; but for some time it was merely a missionary station, and the inhabitants of the village consisted entirely of natives; it being one of the three such villages; the other two being Cahokia and Peoria. In 1789, Illinois constituted a part of the Northwest Territory. In 1800, Indiana and Illinois became a separate territory. In 1809, it was made a separate territory, and in 1818, it was admitted into the Union as an independent State.

The first European who touched the soil of Illinois, appears to have been one Perrot, an agent for the Intendant of Canada, who, in 1670, explored Lake Michi-

gan as far as Chicago. In 1673, Father Marquette, the devoted and pious French missionary, M. Joliet, of Quebec, with five boatmen, left the Michilimacinac, passed down Green Bay, and entered Fox river. From thence they crossed over to the Wisconsin, and sailed down the Mississippi as far as Arkansas, when they returned to the north. They were kindly received and feasted by the Illinois. Their feast consisted of four courses: the first of hominy, the second of fish, the third of *dog*, which the Frenchmen declined, and the whole concluded with roast buffalo. The Illinois Indians are described by all travellers as remarkably handsome, well mannered and kind.

In the year 1812, Gen. Hull, who surrendered Detroit into the hands of the British, directed Capt. Heald, who commanded Fort Dearborn, at Chicago, to distribute his stores to the Indians, and retire to Fort Wayne. Not having perfect confidence in the Indians, he threw the powder into the well, and wasted the whiskey. As these were the articles they most wanted, they were so exasperated, they fell upon the garrison after they had proceeded about two miles from the fort, and massacred about 60 persons, being about two-thirds of their number.

In 1840, the Mormons having been driven out of Missouri, located a city on the east bank of the Mississippi, which they called *Nauvoo*. They had extraordinary privileges granted them by the State. But here, as elsewhere, numerous difficulties arose between them and the surrounding inhabitants. On June 27th, 1844, Joseph Smith, the Mormon prophet and leader, with his brother Hyrum, were killed by a mob, and in a short period after, the Mormons began their movement toward California.

MISSOURI.

With hills and dales, and plains diversified,
Thy commerce growing, spreading far and wide,
Large in extent among each sister state,
These and thy mines of wealth shall make thee great.

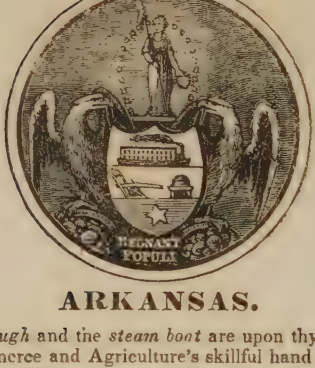
Missouri was originally included in the limits of Louisiana, purchased of the French government in 1803. In 1804, the territory was organized into the district of Louisiana, and was under the authority of Gov. Harrison of Indiana. In 1806, it became a territory under its own government. In 1812, its name was changed to Missouri. In 1820, it was admitted into the Union, after much debate and agitation, on the subject of admitting new slave states into the confederacy.

In 1763, Mr. Laclede, the head of a mercantile company, who had obtained a monopoly of the Indian and fur-trade, on the Mississippi and Missouri rivers, left New Orleans on an expedition fitted out to form establishments, and open a commerce with the natives. Laclede having left his stores at Fort Charles on the Kaskakias, proceeded up the river to the bluff, where St. Louis now stands. He was so much pleased with the situation of the place, that he determined to make it the central place of the

company's operations. Laclede was accompanied by Auguste and Pierre Choteau, two young Creoles of New Orleans, of high respectability and intelligence. In Feb., 1764, Auguste, the elder of the two brothers, commenced the first buildings at St. Louis, and these brothers never afterwards quitted the country of their adoption. They became the heads of numerous families, whose name is, even at this time, a passport that commands safety and hospitality among the Indian nations in the United States north and west.

In 1669, settlements were made on both shores of the lower portion of the Missouri. Blanchette, "the hunter," built a log house, the first dwelling on the site of the beautiful village, which in 1784, received the name of St. Charles. St. Genevieve was settled as early as 1774. New Madrid was laid out by Col. Morgan, under the Spanish government, about the year 1790.

On the 16th of December, 1811, commenced a series of earthquakes, which continued till the February following. The most destructive shocks took place in the beginning, although they were repeated many weeks, becoming lighter till they died away in slight vibrations, like the jarring of steam in an immense boiler. New Madrid, having suffered more than any other town on the Mississippi from its effects, was considered as situated near the focus from whence the undulations proceeded. This place, which stood on a bluff bank, fifteen or twenty feet above the summer floods, sunk so low, that the next rise covered it to the depth of five feet. The bottom of several fine lakes in the vicinity, were elevated, so as to become dry land, and have since been planted with corn. The earth on the shores opened in wide fissures, and closing again, threw the water and mud, in huge jets, higher than the tops of the trees. The atmosphere was filled with a thick vapor, or gas, of a purple tinge. The agitation of the waters of the Mississippi were such, that many boats were overwhelmed, and their crews drowned.



ARKANSAS.

The *plough* and the *steam boat* are upon thy shield,
Commerce and Agriculture's skillful hand
Shall skim thy streams, shall furrow o'er thy fields,
And make thee great amid thy sister band.

Arkansas receives its name from the large river by which it is centrally intersected. It was a part of the Louisiana purchase. It became a separate territory in 1819, and in 1836, it adopted a State constitution, and was admitted into the Union.

The first white man who traversed the territory of Arkansas, was De Soto, the celebrated Spanish adventurer, who, after his wanderings east of the Mississippi, reached the banks of the great River of the West, not far from the 35th parallel of latitude. A month, it is said, was spent in preparing barges to convey his horses, many of whom lived, across the rapid stream. Having successfully passed it, they pursued their way northward, and then turning westward again, they marched more than two hundred miles from the Mississippi to the highlands of White River. But still they found no gold, (the object of their search,) no gems, no cities: only bare prairies, and tangled forests, and deep morasses. To the south again they toiled on, and passed the third winter of wandering upon the Waschita. In the following spring, (1542,) De Soto, weary with hope long deferred, descended the Waschita, to its junction with the Mississippi. His men and horses wasted away, the Indians were hostile about him, till he sunk into discouragement and died.

The territory of Arkansas appears to have been next visited by Father Marquette, and a few others, who came down from Canada in 1673. The French voyagers from the Ohio, passed down the river to the neighborhood of the "Arkamscas," or Arkansas, where they were kindly received.

TEXAS.

"Lone Texian star," that rose in southern skies,
Now mingled with the northern constellation bright;
Far in the sunny South, thy domain lies;
Thy sons are warlike, readiest in the fight.

The territory of Texas proper, appears to have been first visited by La Salle, who sailed from France to St. Domingo, and from thence proceeded the discovery and settlement of the famed Louisiana. The French, who intended to enter the Mississippi, appear to have first landed at Matagorda Bay, where they began a fortification in March, 1685. Here they met with many discouragements; their vessel, which had their provisions and most valuable stores, was wrecked; and the seed they planted would not sprout. Some of the men deserted to the Indians; others were discouraged, and becoming mutinous, murdered La Salle, and some others, (as far as can be judged,) upon a branch of the Brazos. *Youtel* the historian, and some others, penetrated to the Mississippi; and from thence he proceeded northward, and reached Quebec in July, 1687.

It is believed that settlements were made in the limits of Texas, as early as 1692; but the savages were so hostile, that little progress was effected. The Spanish,

and afterwards the Mexican Governments, in order to establish settlements, offered grants of land, as inducements to settlers from the United States. In 1821, *Stephen B. Austin*, from Connecticut, went to Brassos, to secure a portion of territory bequeathed to him by his father. Many settlers soon afterwards located themselves here, and their increase and prosperity began to alarm the Mexicans. When the Mexican government abolished slavery in her limits, in 1825, most of the settlers being planters from the Southern States, who had brought their slaves with them, felt themselves aggrieved. They petitioned the Mexican Congress in vain, for relief, and Austin, the principal man in the colony, was imprisoned for two years. On the establishment of *Centralism*, under Santa Anna, Texas, in 1835, declared her Independence. Gen. Coss was sent against the Texans but he was defeated and taken prisoner.

Santa Anna, the President of Mexico, with a force of 8000 men, now moved forward, threatening to exterminate the Americans from the soil of Texas. In March, 1836, San Antonio de Bexar was besieged ; the Alamo was defended by a force of only 187 men, for two weeks. They were all slain but seven, who surrendered. Col. Travis, Col. David Crockett, and Col. Bowie, the inventor of the *Bowie knife*, were all killed in the defense of this place. While Santa Anna was engaged at San Antonio, Gen. Urrea marched upon Goliad. He had a severe contest with Col. Fanning's troops, who, on March 20th, surrendered themselves as prisoners of war. Nine days afterwards, all the Texans, 520 in number, were shot down, except six only, who made their escape. On April 21st, Santa Anna came up to a body of 783 Texans, commanded by Gen. Houston, near the banks of San Jacinto. Being masked by the timber, the Texans marched into a valley, from which they rushed upon the Mexican lines in front. When within about 600 yards, the Mexicans opened their fire. The Texans, nothing daunted, moved on, and when within about 70 yards of their foes, opened a terrible fire, with their double barrel guns, and pistols, of which some had five or six about them, besides knives and tomahawks. They swept over the Mexicans like the wind ; took their artillery already loaded and primed, and fired it upon them, as they retreated in total rout and confusion. The Texan loss was only 2 killed and 23 wounded. The Mexican loss is stated to have been 630 killed, 208 wounded, and 730 prisoners, among whom were Santa Anna, and his principal officers. This victory secured the Independence of Texas.

The Mexicans made repeated hostile demonstrations, apparently with the view of recovering Texas, but owing to a variety of causes, nothing of importance was effected. Texas remained a separate government till 1845, when by mutual agreement, it was annexed to the United States as a member of the Confederacy.

WISCONSIN.

Far to the north thy boundaries appear,
Where the wild Chippewa his lodge doth rear:
Thy sons are free, thy climate breathes of health,
And in thy fertile soil are mines of wealth.

One of the first Europeans who visited the territory of Wisconsin, was Father *Marquette*, a pious Catholic Missionary, who, after spending about three years at the Straits of Mackinaw, the idea of exploring the lands yet farther towards the setting sun, had been growing more and more definite in his mind. "He had heard of the great river of the West, and fancied that upon its fertile banks—not mighty cities, mines of gold, or fountains of youth—but whole tribes of God's children, to whom the sound of the Gospel had never come. Filled with the wish to go and preach to them, he obeyed with joy the orders of Talon, the wise Intendant of Canada, to lead a party into the unknown distance."

He was accompanied by M. Joliet, of Quebec, and five boatmen. This little band of seven, left Mackinaw in two bark canoes, in May, 1673. They passed down Green Bay to Fox river, which they entered and dragged their canoes through its strong rapids, to a village of Indians where *Allouez*, a French Missionary had visited,

and where "they found a cross, on which hung skins and belts, bows and arrows, which they had offered to the great *Manitou*, [God,] to thank him because he had taken pity on them during the winter, and had given them abundant chase."

Beyond this point, no Frenchman had gone; and here was the bound of discovery. The friendly Indians then guided to the Wisconsin, about three leagues distant, whose waters flowed westward. Down this they floated, till, on the 17th of June, when, with joy, they entered the Mississippi. They proceeded down the river to Arkansas, then they returned to Green Bay without loss or injury. Wisconsin was next visited by La Salle, and Father Hennipin, a Franciscan friar, a man of much ambition and energy. These adventurers, having passed down the Illinois, Hennipin paddled up the Mississippi as far as the Wisconsin, where he was taken prisoner by the Indians, who treated him and his companions kindly. They took them up the river to the Falls, which Hennipin named *St. Anthony*, in honor of his patron Saint. From this point he returned to Canada and France by way of Lake Superior.

Wisconsin was under the government of France, till 1763; of Great Britain, till 1794; of Ohio, till 1800; of Indiana, till 1809; of Illinois, till 1818; of Michigan, till 1836; and under a territorial government till 1848, when she was admitted into the Union as a State. The principal place in this State, is Milwaukie, formerly the site of a village of the Sac and Fox tribe of Indians. Its name is said to be derived from *Man-na-wah-kie*, an Indian word, signifying *good land*.

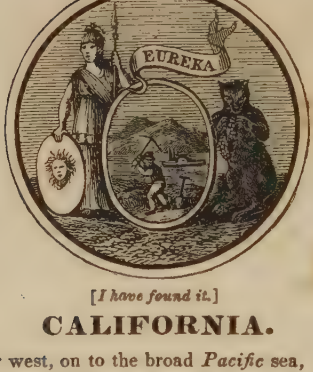
In the spring of 1832, the Winnebagoes, Sacs, and Foxes, under *Black Hawk*, commenced a war with the United States. Many settlements were broken up and destroyed, and many of the inhabitants were killed. Gov. Reynolds, of Illinois, ordered out 2000 militia. Congress ordered 600 mounted Rangers to be raised, and Gen. Scott was ordered from the sea board, with nine companies of artillery. The troops on their route were attacked with the Cholera, and out of one corps of 208 men, but nine were left alive. After an unsuccessful contest, with the overwhelming force of the whites, *Black Hawk*, and his brother the *Prophet*, were surrendered to Gen. Street, at Prairie du Chien, on the 27th of August, which ended the war.

IOWA.

The Eagle, bow, and arrow here we see,
Columbia, and the Indian emblems, types of thee ;
Thine onward course, is like an Eagle's flight ;
Thy soil is fertile, and thy skies are bright.

This State derived its name from the *Ioway* tribe of Indians, formerly located on the Iowa river, but now intermingled among the surrounding tribes, principally among the Sauks, or Sacs, and Foxes. These tribes had the reputation of being the best hunters of any on the borders of the Mississippi or Missouri. At the time the white traders first went among them, their practice was, to leave their villages as soon as their corn and beans were ripe, and taken care of, to go on to their wintering grounds ; it being previously determined in council, on what particular ground each party shall hunt. The old men, women, and children, embark in canoes ; the young men go by land with their horses ; and on their arrival, they immediately commence their winter's hunt, which lasts about three months. They return to their villages in the month of April, and prepare their lands for cultivation. In June, most of the yonng men went out on a Summer's hunt and returned in April.

In 1832, Iowa was purchased of the Indians, and in 1833, it began to be settled by white emigrants. Since this period, the population has increased with astonishing rapidity ; towns have been built, and improvement has rapidly progressed. In 1838, Iowa was separated from Wisconsin, and had a distinct territorial government of its own. In 1844, she adopted a constitution, and asked to be admitted into the Union. In 1846, terms with regard to her boundaries were agreed upon, and Iowa became the twenty-ninth State admitted into the Union.



[*I have found it.*]

CALIFORNIA.

Far west, on to the broad *Pacific* sea,
The germ of Empire great is found in thee;
By rapid *Sacramento's* distant tide,
Thy *mines of gold* are famed both far and wide.

The first European who visited the coast of California, after the voyage of Cabrillo, in 1542, appears to have been Sebastian Viscaino, who was appointed by the Spanish government to explore the north-west coast of California. Viscaino appears to have made the discovery of the harbors of San Diego and Monterey, in 1602.

It was not until 167 years after the first discovery was made, that the Spaniards attempted settlements in *New California*, so named in distinction from old California, which embraced the peninsula. In 1542, this coast was traversed by Cabrillo; in 1578, by Sir Francis Drake. The first colonists were principally Catholic missionaries, and their settlements were called *Missions*. San Diego was founded in 1769; Monterey in 1770; and San Francisco in 1776.

In June, 1846, Capt. John C. Fremont took military possession of Sonoma, and soon established the American authority. He was assisted by Com. Sloat, commander of the Pacific squadron. In February, 1848, California was ceded by Mexico to the United States. In 1849, a State government was organized, and Representatives and Senators to Congress were appointed.

California is now rapidly increasing in population: great numbers arriving for the purpose of "digging gold;" this precious metal being found in large quantities near the banks, or in the beds of streams which empty into the harbor of San Francisco.

OREGON.

The first European navigator who traversed any part of the coast of Oregon, was Cabrillo, who, in 1542, sailed up as far as latitude 44°. In 1578, Sir Francis Drake ranged this coast from latitude 38 to 48. This region was called by the English, *New Albion.* The name *Oregon* is from *Oregano*, the Spanish name of wild marjoram; and it is from this herb, or some other similar, it is supposed the name arose. The name of its principal river is derived from the name of *Columbia* Redivinia, an American vessel from Boston, Mass., commanded by Capt. Grey, who, on May 11th, 1792, discovered this important stream. Its two great branches, the Lewis and the Clark, were named from Captains Lewis and Clark, who travelled westward, passed over the Rocky Mountains, and explored the country in 1805. Having wintered west of the mountains. they returned in safety, pursuing nearly the same route east which they travelled west.

In 1811, Astoria, a trading establishment, was formed by the American Fur Company, at the mouth of Columbia river. This colony consisted of 120 men, and was under the direction of the late John Jacob Astor, of New York, from whom the place derived its name. In the course of two years from the founding of Astoria, five other establishments were made. The boundaries of Oregon were for some time undefined, owing to the conflicting claims to the territory by a number of the European governments. In the years 1818, 1824, and 1826, a number of unsuccessful negotiations were made in London. In 1846, a boundary was agreed upon, and all differences happily adjusted. In 1849, a territorial government was formed.

NEW MEXICO.

New Mexico was first visited by the Catholic missionaries in 1581, but it was not subdued by the Spaniards till 1644. The missions were established here in 1660. The capital, Santa Fe, was founded in 1682. The name *Mexico*, in the *Aztec* Indian language, signifies *the habitation of the God of War.*

Upon the commencement of the difficulties between the United States and Mexico, orders were issued to Col. Kearney, in May, 1846, to make a movement on New Mexico. He concentrated his forces at Brent's Fort, on the Arkansas river. This force consisted of eighteen hundred men, part of whom were Mormons, who were about emigrating to California. Upon the approach of the Americans, Gov. Armijo called a council of war, in which his principal officers advised a retreat, which advice was followed.

On August 18th, Gen. Kearney took possession of Santa Fe, and caused the oath of allegiance to be taken to the American government. In January, 1847, Gov. Brent and five other officers of the territory were murdered, at Taos, about 50 miles north of Santa Fe—the northern part of the Indians and New Mexicans rose up in rebellion. This movement was put down by Col. Price, after about 150 of the insurgents were killed.

MINNESOTA.

Father Hennepin, a Catholic missionary, who was at the Falls of St. Anthony in 1680, appears to have been the first European in the limits of this territory. Its name is derived from *Mini-sotah*, the name given by the Sioux to St. Peter's river; *mini*, in their language, meaning water, and *sotah*, muddy, or slightly turbid. In 1695, it appears that M. LeSeur discovered, (as he supposed,) a copper mine on Blue Earth River, a tributary of St. Peter's. In 1767, Capt. Jonathan Carver ascended to the Falls of St. Anthony, and was well received by the Indians, and, as he states, granted him a large tract of land.

In 1805, Lieut. Pike was sent to explore the sources of the Mississippi. In this tour he purchased the site on which Fort Snelling is situated. In 1819, barracks were erected at this place. In 1820, Gov. Cass was sent with an escort of soldiers to explore the head waters of the Mississippi. He ascended the river as far as Cass Lake. In 1823, Major Long went on the Red River as far north as Pembina, the Upper Selkirk settlement, which, being found within the limits of the United States, took formal possession. This colony was founded by Lord Selkirk, in 1812. The land on which St. Paul, the principal place in the territory, was purchased of the government in 1848, it is said, at $1,25 per acre. In 1849, Minnesota was organized as a Territory, and the Hon. Alexander Ramsay, of Pennsylvania, was appointed its governor.

DESERET.

The first civilized establishment in this tract of country, appears to have been made by *Miles M. Goodyear*, a native of New Haven, Conn., who created a trading fort in the valley of the *Great Salt Lake*, which he sold to the Mormons in 1847. This singular people, having been driven from various places, encamped at Council Bluffs, on the Missouri, in 1846. The next year, 500 of their number volunteered into the service of the United States, and were dismissed in California. In 1848, the Mormons began to remove their families to the valley of the "Great Salt Lake," and their settlements are now rapidly extending.

DISCOVERIES AND SETTLEMENTS.

IN THE ORDER OF TIME.

1492. Long centuries ago, the Genoese,
The bold *Columbus* crossed the stormy seas,
With courage bold, with spirit firm and brave,
A land to find beyond the western wave.

1497. *Sebastian Cabot*, son of Venice, came
In later years, this new found land to claim,
To find for unborn millions here a home,
Where savage men alone were wont to roam.

1512. Next *Ponce de Leon*, sought thy verdant bowers,
Fair *Florida*, the lovely land of flowers ;
1528. And next *de Narvaez*, with his hostile band,
Sought to invade, and conquer this fair land.

1535. Far to the North, where wild *Canadians* roam,
Cartier, the Frenchman, sought to find a home ;

1539. And in the South, *De Soto* sought for gold,
Where the great *Mississippi's* waters rolled

1562. And next, the Frenchman *Ribault*, with his band,
Of fearless exiles sought Columbia's strand,
And near the blue *Edisto*, sought in vain,
A home amid the western wilds to gain.

1584. *Raleigh*, the knight, and soldier, bold and brave,
Sent forth his comrades o'er the Atlantic wave,
And this fair Southern State, *Virginia* named,
From *England's* virgin Queen, in history famed.

1586. Next *Grenville*, crossed the ocean with his band,
A Colony to plant in this new land :
Again, and yet again, come o'er the wave,
Virginia's pioneers, the bold and brave.

1602. Years passed away ; on *Massachusetts* shore,
The daring *Gosnold* turned his prow of yore :
1608. Next *Chesapeake*, brave *Smith* explored thy bay,
And far *Quebec*, arose to mark the day.

1609. Brave *Hudson* next, to this new country came,
And blue *Manhattan* gave thy later name ;
1611. *Champlain*, the Frenchman, many a year ago,
His record left where silvery waters flow.

1614. The sea-girt coast, throughout our country famed,
By Charles the monarch, was *New England* named ;
While *Holland's* sons filled fair Manhattans isle,
And where *New Jersey's* fruitful vallies smile.

1620. And next the glorious "*Pilgrim Fathers*" came,
To *Plymouth rock*, a spot endeared to fame ;
1623. *New Hampshire* next, Columbia's Switzerland,
Was peopled by the Pilgrim's hardy band.

1627. Fair *Pennsylvania*, smiling *Delaware*,
The *Swedes*, and *Fins*, first sought a dwelling there :
1633. Next *Maryland*, the noble *Baltimore*,
With his adherents sought thy fertile shore.

1635. Then old *Connecticut*, along thy side,
Thine early settlers laden vessels glide ;
Old *Windsor* still repeats the red man's name,
And *Hartford* tells her early settlers fame.

1636. Next dauntless *Williams*, with a spirit free,
Rhode Island, found a hiding place in thee,
A fugitive who gained a deathless fame,
And with his country's annals linked his name.

1637. *New Haven* next, city, and colony,
Thy noble founders sought a home in thee ;
1639. Next *Narraganset* in thy rolling bay,
The vessels of fair *Newport's* settlers lay.

For twelve bright years, behold new scenes arise !
Oh fair Columbia 'neath thy smiling skies,
Connecticut, *Rhode Island*, *Carolina* fair,
With bright *New Jersey's* annals mingling there.

1682. Next *Penn* of memory well beloved and great,
The ocean crossed to found a peaceful State ;
A city where sweet Peace and Love should reign,
And richest blessings follow in their train.

1682. While brave *La Salle* bestowed his monarch's
name,
Where now a home the generous Frenchmen claim;
1702. And *Louisiana*, 'neath thy smiling skies,
We next behold a *New* Orleans arise.

1723. The settler turns to thee, *Green Mountain* State,
And *Trenton*, linked with our young country's fate;
1733. The increasing tide fair *Georgia* moves to thee,
1740. Exploring thy fair borders *Tennessee*.

1749. Next *Nova Scotia*, on thy strand so bleak,
The sons of Britain came a home to seek;
1765. To *Tennessee* and *Carolina* fair,
New groups of hardy settlers now repair.

1773. And fair Kentucky to thy fertile land,
Came hunter *Boone* and his adventurous band;
1787. Next fair Ohio, 'neath thy smiling skies,
Amid thy woods the log built cabins rise.

Scene at Lexington.

WAR OF THE REVOLUTION.

EIGHT YEARS.

1775.

[*The first year of the Revolution.*]

In seventeen hundred seventy-five began
Our country's struggles for the rights of man:
In Massachusetts, firm for freemen's right,
On *Lexington's* green-plain began the fight.

On *Bunker's* bloody hill, where *Warren* fell,
The sons of Freedom strong, their prowess tell;
And brave *Montgomery*, with ardor fired,
Before *Quebec*, 'mid wintry snows expired.

The people spurn their tyrant's hateful sway,
The *Royal Governors* now flee away:

A youthful nation, (men, both bold and true,)
For Freedom strong, now rises to the view.

1776.

In "Seventy-six," *George Third*, the British king,
Commands his *Hessian* soldiers, forth to bring
Their burnished arms, and cross the stormy sea,
To crush a people struggling to be free.

Our fathers now their freedom strive to gain,
Their *Independence* boldly now proclaim;
They pledged their "*Fortunes, sacred Honor, Life,*"
And periled all amid the deadly strife.

Great Britain's hostile troops in proud array,
New York they take, and onward press their way;
Our father's fled, but still for Freedom brave,
At *Trenton's* fight, their bleeding country save.

1777.

In "Seventy-seven," from far Canadian snows,
Behold *Burgoyne* advancing with our foes;
Let *Bennington* rehearse that foe's defeat,
And *Saratoga's* plains, the tale repeat.

Let *Brandywine*, our fathers prowess speak,
And the bright waters of the Chesapeake:
When driven from the land of peaceful Penn,
Death's dangers darkened o'er our gallant men.

And while the Patriots forced to quit the field,
Resolved on Independence, scorned to yield;
"Mother of States, and Statesmen," still in thee,
Was found a shelter for the noble free.

1778.

In "Seventy-eight," from sunny *France*, a band
Of gallant spirits, gave a brother's hand:
And now, amid the clouds of gloomy fears,
Freedom looked up, and brightly smiled through tears.

Blue *Narraganset*, in thy rolling bay,
The generous Frenchmen's freighted vessels lay;
While gallant *Steuben*, far from "Fatherland,"
In warlike science, gave his heart and hand.

See fair *Savannah*, struggling with the foe,
Behold within her walls the life blood flow:
Now *Carolina's* plains were darkened o'er,
With clouds of war, they feel the foemen's power.

1779.

In "Seventy-nine," through want and much distress,
Our fathers still for Freedom onward press:
Red ruin stalks around, the flames rise high,
Norwalk, and *Fairfield*, low in ashes lie.

O'er deep morass, o'er mountain, and o'er plain,
Led by their brave commander, gallant *Wayne*,
Our troops press on, at lonely midnight hour,
The fort they gain, their foes they overpower.

See now the red man with the foe allied,
The "*Continental*" force, they now defied;
'Gainst *Sullivan*, their tribes they fight in vain,
Their country wasted, and their warriors slain.

1780.

In "Eighty," Carolina ravaged by the foe,
Beheld her gallant patriot sons laid low;
Her army close besieged, and forced to yield,
Charleston now falls, and *Britons* gain the field.

Cornwallis to the South, now bends his way,
Gates he defeats, who flees with sore dismay,
The foe stalks round, with haughty power and pride,
With fire and sword spreads devastation wide.

Arnold, a traitor's perjury is thine,
The sword once laid on Freedoms sacred shrine,
Against thy country's injured cause was turned,
While patriot souls, the foul *Apostate* spurned.

1781

Behold the routed foe on *Cowpens* field,
By *Morgan's* gallant band compelled to yield;
While proud *Cornwallis*, forced at last to fly,
And gallant *Green's* brave band, won victory.

And northward still, the invading forces came,
Invading peaceful homes, with sword and flame,
While once again, from sunny France a fleet,
Appeared our Father's sinking hearts to greet.

Then quailed at last, our country's haughty foes,
Then Freedom's sun, in glorious brightness rose;
At *Yorktown* with humiliation sore,
Cornwallis yields:—the bloody strife is o'er.

UNITED STATES.

Columbia! land of Liberty—home of the brave and free;
The pilgrim sons of many a clime have found a home in thee!
Along thy wide-spread shore, the flag of every clime is furled,
And Hope's prophetic eye still turns to greet this Western World.

ITALY.

Columbia! centuries ago, the daring *Genoese*,
The far off mighty West to seek, sailed over unknown seas:
The pride and power of Italy, since then, have passed away;
The "Star of Empire" in the West has risen, since that day.

Oh, Italy! thine exile sons, in fair Columbia see
The tokens of a mightier power than ever dwelt in thee;
The *Eagle* that unfurled its wing o'er Capitolian dome,
Broods o'er the Western Empire now, as once o'er ancient Rome.

SPAIN.

Thy sons, fair *Spain*, were earliest here, from out thy orange bowers;
DeLeon sought sweet *Florida*, thy lovely land of flowers;
And proud de Narvaez gained thy shore, and with his warrior band
In vain essayed, in olden time, to conquer this new land.

Then, seeking for the golden stores of which the Spaniards told,
Came brave *DeSoto* with his band, twelve hundred comrades bold;
He sought the flowery wilds beyond, and on, still on, he pressed,
Where the dark *Mississippi* rolled, with calm majestic breast.

What though the haughty Spaniard now, the Indian's dusky race,
To children of a paler brow at last have given place?
Their sunny homes are southward still; their names are storied o'er
Along the blue Pacific wave, and *Mexico's* bright shore.

FRANCE.

Where once the wild Canadian tribes were wont of old to roam,
The gay and generous Frenchmen came to seek another home,
By fair *Edisto's* glancing stream, on *Carolina's* plain,
And northward, 'neath a colder sky, along the blue *Champlain*.

Thy sons, sweet France, throughout our land, are scattered far and wide;
Their place is seen where crystal waves of proud *St. Lawrence* glide;
By old *Quebec's* stern fortress rock; by *Montreal's* dark towers;
And where of old the *Hugenot* sought Carolina's bowers.

And *Louisiana*, through her fields, thy fame in music tells,
And where the *Mississippi's* tide all proudly ebbs and swells;
And far from France, a *New Orleans*, the stately Southern Queen,
A home is theirs, and Florida with vales of changeless green.

GREAT BRITAIN.

Old England hither sent her sons, in by-gone days of yore,
When gallant *Raleigh* sent his fleet to old Virginia's shore,
That whispers, in her name, the fame of England's virgin Queen,
And *Roanoke* tells the tale along its banks of green.

While *Jamestown* wears its laurels yet, Virginia tells with pride,
Of noble sons and statesmen, still to Britain's blood allied;
And Massachusetts wears it yet her glory and her crown,
That hoary Plymouth rock is hers, a spot of broad renown.

Where first the *Pilgrim* sires set foot, a noble exile band,
Whose sons are scattered far and wide, throughout our happy land;
Their sails are set on every stream, their feet on every shore;
They climb the mountains, tread the vales, and skim each ocean o'er.

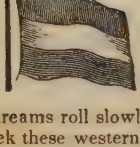
SWEDEN.

Where the blue Baltic laves the rocks of Sweden's rugged strand,
There came from out its forests dark, a hardy northern band;
A band of *Swedes* and *Fins* to seek a distant shore more fair;
The sylvan home of peaceful *Penn*, and smiling *Delaware*.

NORWAY.

Tradition tells not when these came, the children of the North,
The bold *Norwegians*, from the land of waving forests forth,
And left their rude memorials, *Rhode Island*, on thy shore,
The relics of a hardy race, that lingers here no more.

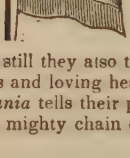
But on *New Jersey's* fertile soil, along her verdant plains,
Still courses old Norwegian blood, in hardy freemen's veins;
On *Bergen's* hills their homes they rear, and still they find a place,
Strong, brave and firm for Freedom's rights, the bold Norwegian race.



HOLLAND.

Where sluggish streams roll slowly past, in Holland's distant land,
There came to seek these western wilds a brave adventurous band;
Their dwellings in a stranger land, crowned fair *Manhattan's* isle,
And where, past hills and banks of green, the *Hudson's* waters smile.

Where rolled the "fresh" Connecticut, their vessels on its breast,
Where lies a smiling city now, their fortress they possessed;
And o'er *New Jersey's* smiling plains their homes are scattered wide,
And crown the verdant banks that line the blue *Manhattan's* side.



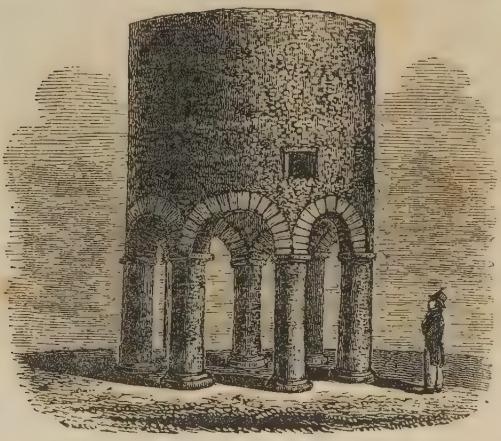
GERMANY.

And westward still they also turn, the noble, sturdy band
Of patriot souls and loving hearts, from distant "Fatherland;"
Old *Pennsylvania* tells their praise, and on the inland shore
That lines our mighty chain of lakes, their feet have gone before.

And still the tide comes sweeping in, and o'er the giant West;
The labor of their busy hands, the fertile soil hath blessed;
They build them there a happy home, they plant anew the vine,
And in the broad *Ohio*, find another river Rhine.

Thus let the mighty tide set in, from many a distant land;
We have for all an ample home, for all a welcome hand;
And what our land hath ever been, it is its pride to be,
A refuge for the exile still, a dwelling for the free. E. G. B.

INTERESTING EVENTS, ANTIQUITIES, &c.



ROUND TOWER AT NEWPORT, R. I.

On the summit of the hill, on the declivity of which Newport, R. I., is built, is an interesting relic of antiquity usually denominated the "Stone Mill." Some suppose it was built by the first settlers for a kind of wind mill, others believe that it was a watch tower, erected by the Scandinavians, or *Northmen*, long before the discovery of Columbus. This last opinion is not without reason, as it is well known that about A.D. 1000, a number of Norwegian navigators visited our coast, and attempted to plant colonies. This tower is about thirty feet in height, resting on arches supported by circular pillars. The top is without a roof, and the interior destitute of any fixtures. The stones of which it is constructed are small and appear to have been laid in a mortar made of sand and oyster shells, cementing the whole mass together like a solid rock. By whose hands erected, or for what purpose, no tradition remains to give an answer.

From off this watch-tower's lonely height,
What eyes looked o'er the waters dark,

And marked afar, the sail of white,
The plunging prow, the wandering bark?
Who reared thy mystic wall? his name
I ask thee, but I ask in vain.

Tell me, ye wild and dusky race,
Who trod these hills and shores of old?
Can ye the mystic story trace
In dark traditions ye have told?
Silent in death the warrior lies,
No sign remains, no voice replies.

Ye stormy winds that sweep on high,
O'er the lone hill, with fitful wail;
Ye waves that sound your minstrelsy,
Have ye no voice to tell the tale?
The winds sweep on, the wild wave roar,
No voice will tell, on sea or shore.

Was it the fierce and hardy band
Of wandering Northmen, famed of old,
Who left their far off rugged land
Of waving pines, and endless cold,
That helped this ancient wall to rear,
And fought the warrior's battles here?

Deeds that the bards rehearsed in song;
Tales that the ancient sages told
Of midnight revels, loud and long,
Of shouts that crowned the warrior bold,
Who drank the life blood of his foes,
And chased the wolf o'er polar snows?

I ask in vain! thou canst not tell
Thy story of the hidden past;
The rolling seas may ebb and swell,
And wildly howl the stormy blast,
Still shall thou silent stand to be
A wonder and a mystery!

MORTAL SICKNESS AMONG THE INDIANS.

About the year 1618, just before the settlement of the colony at Plymouth, a mortal sickness or plague swept off the greater part of the Indians along the eastern shores of the United States. In 1619, Capt. Dermer, an English adventurer, having wintered at an Indian town on the northern coast sailed southward on his way to Virginia, and landed at several places where he had been before. He found many towns depopulated; in others but few of the natives remained alive and those suffering from the disease which appears to have been a kind of plague, as they showed their sores and described those of which their companions died.

The mortality among the Indians appears to have prevailed a number of years. In 1622, the Plymouth settlers went to Massachusetts (now Boston) to purchase corn of the natives; they found them afflicted with a "great sickness not unlike the plague." It is stated by

creditable historians, that of the *thirty thousand* Indians composing the Massachusetts tribe only about *three hundred* were left alive. When the settlers arrived, in 1620, they found the bones of those who had perished, in many places left unburied. At Plymouth, which was formerly a populous place, every human being had died of the pestilence.

There appears to be considerable difference of opinion with regard to the nature of the disease which swept off so many of the natives. Some suppose it to have been the small pox, others, the plague, which raged at this time in many parts of the world, while many suppose it to have been the yellow fever, as it was stated by some of the Indians who survived, that the bodies of their companions who died were "*exceeding yellow all over* before they died, and afterwards."

Whatever the disease was, it appears to have broken down the spirits of the survivors, to that extent, that for a number of years they made but little opposition to the settlers. The following occurrences relative to this pestilence, have been related. A few years before the sickness, a French ship was wrecked on Cape Cod, but the men and cargo were saved. The natives, however, killed all but three or four of the crew and divided their goods. The men who were spared were sent to one tribe and another as slaves. One of them learned so much of their language as to tell them that God was angry with them for their cruelty and would destroy them and give their country to another people. They answered "that they were too many for God to kill." He replied "that God had many ways to kill of which they were ignorant." Afterwards, when the great pestilence came, they remembered the man's words, and when the Plymouth settlers arrived at Cape Cod they feared the other part of the prediction would soon be accomplished.

Soldiers reposing by Porter's Rocks.

EXPEDITION AGAINST THE PEQUOTS.

The expedition in 1637 against the Pequot Indians in Connecticut, one of the most haughty and warlike tribes that ever existed in this country was a memorable event attended with remarkable circumstances. At this time the colony of Connecticut consisted of three towns, Hartford, Wethersfield and Windsor. The Pequots having murdered a number of the inhabitants and threatened the destruction of the whole colony, it was determined to make war against them. For this purpose ninety men were mustered at Hartford, being about half the efficient force of the whole colony. They were commanded by Captains Mason and Underhill, and were accompanied by Mr. Stone the teacher of the church at at Hartford, as chaplain.

Previous to the marching of the expedition, tradition says the soldiers were addressed in a most eloquent manner by Mr. Hooker, the minister of Hartford. He told them that they were not as-

sembled by ferocious passions, but to secure safety for their wives and harmless babes, and above all the liberties, and lives of Christ's church in this new world. Their enemies had blasphemed God and slain his servants; you are only the ministers of his justice. They were ripe for destruction; their cruelty was notorious; and cruelty and cowardice are always united. "March, then," said he, "with Christian courage, and your enemies shall fall like leaves under your feet."

The expedition having arrived at Saybrook fort, Capt. Mason and his officers being somewhat divided in opinion whether it would be best to march through the wilderness directly to the Pequot fort, or go round by the Narragansett country and endeavor to take the fort by surprise. In this state of affairs, the officers earnestly desired Mr. Stone, to pray that their way might be directed, and that their enterprise might be crowned with success. Mr. Stone, accordingly, spent most of the night in prayer, and the next morning informed Capt. Mason that he had done as he had desired, and was entirely satisfied that the plan of going round by Narragansett was the best. The council of officers was again called, and they unanimously agreed with Mr. Stone.

Having proceeded to the Narraganset country they were joined by about 200 of that tribe. From that place they went westward towards the Pequots. As the little army drew near the fort of the terrible Pequots many of the Indians betrayed much fear and retired into the rear. Uncas, however, with his Mohegans remained faithful. On the evening before the attack, they arrived at Porter's Rocks, near the head of Mystic, in Groton, where they encamped. "The men were faint and weary, and though the rocks were their pillows, their rest was sweet."

About two hours before the dawn of the 26th of May, the men were roused with all expedition, and briefly commending themselves and their cause to God, marched to the fort, about two miles distant. The fate of Connecticut was to be decided by seventy-seven brave men. The barking of a dog, when within a few rods of the fort, aroused the sentinel, who cried out, *Owannux! Owannux!* i. e. Englishmen! Englishmen! Capt. Mason entered the fort, the enemy fought desperately, and the conflict seemed doubtful. Seizing a fire-brand, Capt. Mason set fire to a wigwam which set the whole fort in a blaze. The roar of the flames, the yells of the savages, the discharge of the musketry formed an awful and terriffic scene. The destruction of the Pequots was terrible. Out of five or six hundred only fourteen escaped the fire and sword; of these seven were captured. The English lost but two men; and about twenty wounded. Connecticut was saved, and the most warlike tribe in New England defeated and ruined.

DEATH OF MARQUETTE.

Among the discoverers and many adventurers who came over to the new world, some appear to have been actuated by higher motives than worldly gain, or honor. Of this class was James Marquette, a devoted French Catholic missionary, from Canada. He was accompanied by M. Joliet, of Quebec, and five boatmen. This little company passed through the straits of Mackinac, and then passed over to the Mississippi, which they explored south, to a considerable extent. Through all their difficulties and wanderings, Father Marquette appears to have acted the part of a Christian missionary, and endeavored to cultivate a spirit of peace and love among the Indians. On his return, May 18th, 1675, up Lake Michigan, he proposed landing at the mouth of a small stream on the Peninsula, to perform religious devotions. Leaving his men with the canoe, he went apart to pray, they waiting for him. As much time passed, and he did not return, they called to mind that he said something of his death being at hand, and anxiously went to seek him. They found him dead; where he had been praying, he had died. His companions dug a grave near the mouth of the stream, and buried him in the sand.

HARK, hark! a voice now calls thee from above,
Servant of God! thy work is nobly done;
The mission kind, thine embassy of love
On earth is closed; thy final victory's won.

The fragile bark shall bear thee here no more,
Through inland seas, and waters deep and wide;
'Mid rocky islets, and a rugged shore,
Nor on the rapid Mississippi's tide.

'Mid chilly wintry blasts, and fervid summer's glow,
Through deserts wild, thy feet shall range no more,
Or pass the prairie vast, or fields of snow;
Nor shall thou hear again Niagara's roar.

No brilliant golden dreams did lure thee here
To toil through this dark howling wilderness,
'Twas love that drew thee on, devoid of fear,
Thy God was ever with thee for to bless.

No more amid these earthly scenes to sigh,
Thy feeling heart will cease to swell with grief;
The bitter tear no more shall fill thine eye,
At sorrow where thou couldst not give relief.

Oh press me not to criticise his creed;
Away with tests of sects, and bitter zeal;
Did he the naked clothe, the hungry feed?
And childlike, Christlike, in his spirit feel?

Yes, yes! he felt the power of Christ within,
In love, he scattered heavenly light abroad;
Faithful he lived in this dark world of sin,
He rests above! he sweetly rests with God.

J. W. B.

Sacred music heard in the Wilderness.

FIRST SETTLERS IN GRANVILLE, OHIO.

The first settlers of Granville, Ohio, emigrated from Massachusetts, in the autumn of 1805, and were forty two days on their journey. Their first business on their arrival was to hear a sermon. The novelty of worshiping in the woods, the forests extending every way for hundreds of miles, the dangers to which they were exposed, the hardships which they had undergone, with the thoughts of the homes they had left, all conspired to make this time one of deep interest. When they began to sing, the echo of their voices among the trees was so different from what it was in the beautiful meeting-house they had left, that they could no longer restrain their tears. Like the Jews of old, "*They wept when they remembered Zion.*"

It appears that two or three years previous to this time, that Mr. Reese, a pious Welsh Baptist, had built a cabin

a mile or two north of where these settlers were located. While searching for his cattle, he ascended the hills near by, and heard the singing of the choir. The reverberation of the sound from the hill tops and trees, threw the good man into a serious dilemma. The music at first seemed to be behind, then in the tops of the trees or the clouds. He stopped till he had caught the accurate direction of the sound, and then passing the brow of the hill, he saw the audience sitting on the level below. He went home and told his wife that God's promises were sure, and that religion would finally prevail everywhere. He said, "these must be good people—I am not afraid to go among them." Though he could not understand English yet he afterwards constantly attended their meetings.

Hark, hark! what voices rise in sweetest notes,
Borne on the autumn breeze;
What strain of heavenly music floats
Amid the whispering trees?

Is it a far off seraph angel song
Comes downward from the skies,
So sweetly swells, and [illegible] peals along
In spirit melodies?

So asks the wondering good man as he strayed
And heard the melting ray
Rise o'er the valley, up the hill, the glade,
Around his winding way.

For only in these lonely wilds before
His listening ear had heard
The panther's horrid scream, the winds deep roar,
Or notes of woodland bird,

It was new England's hardy wandering band,
That gathered in these woods,
Sang the sweet hymns of far off native land,
Amid these solitudes.

The dark old forests wild, re-echoed there
The chorus as they sung,
And with their sweetest notes of praise and prayer
The woodland arches rung.

The thoughts of distant home came back again,
The sweet sad memories,
And mournful tears were mingled with the strain
That floated to the skies.

But he who spell-bound paused that strain to hear,
Glad on his way returned
And told his household, one above was near
Whose promise he had learned.

Oh sweetest tones of heavenly melody,
That on the stillness broke,
It was our kindest Father's voice on high
That with your music spoke.

Not in the rolling thunder's awful voice,
Not in the lightning's glare,
But swelling tones that made the heart rejoice
Proclaimed that God was there.

ATTACK ON BROOKFIELD.

In August, 1675, soon after the commencement of Philip's war, the little town of Brookfield, Mass., was attacked by the savages. The people of the village, about seventy persons in all, on the first alarm fled to a house slightly fortified, which was soon surrounded by the enemy, who, for two days and nights, endeavoured to destroy the house, or its inmates. For this purpose they shot burning arrows, and thrust long poles with fire-brands at the ends toward the house. This proving ineffectual, the savages filled a cart with hemp, flax and other combustible matter, and setting it on fire, thrust it forward towards the house by long poles spliced together. The destruction of the poor people now seemed inevitable. At this critical time an unexpected shower of rain put out the fire.

Major Willard, at this time, was at Lancaster with a company of forty-eight horsemen, hearing of the critical situation of the people at Brookfield, hastened on about thirty miles, and reached the besieged garrison in the night. A drove of cattle which had been frightened from the place by the yells and firing of the Indians, happening to be on the route, which Major Willard took, fell into his rear, and followed him into the village. The Indians "*hearing the noise of a great host*," fled like the Syrians that were encamped against Samaria.

The villagers in terror fled, dismayed,
Beneath an humble roof a shelter made,
Pursued by foes with deadly hate inspired,
Their herds are scattered, and their homes are fired.

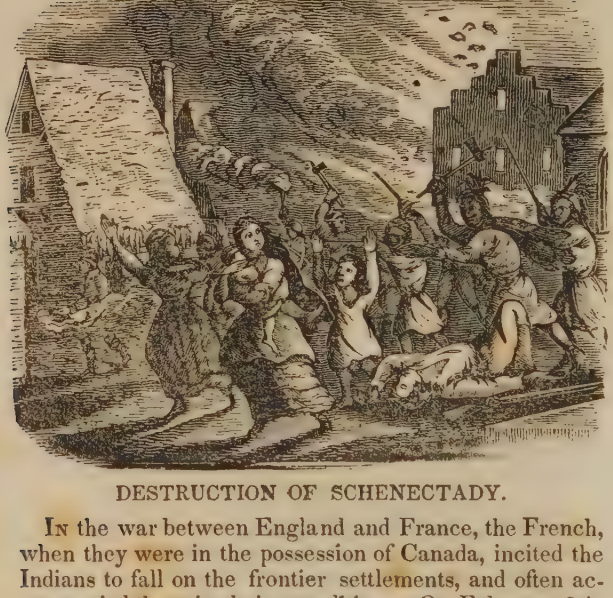
The murderous fiery arrow flies in vain,
See now on wheels they forward send the flame :
God only now can save—on him thay call,
Their cry is heard : the rain-drops quickly fall.

Quenched is the flame, but still the foes draw near,
But God protects them, and they feel no fear ;
A troop of horsemen through the twilight shade,
Are heard far off; they come to give them aid.

The noise of trampling hoofs is heard around,
The scattered cattle in the troop are found,
The savage band now deem that hosts are nigh,
And quick into their native forests fly.

So thus Samaria lay besieged of old,
As in the page of holy writ 'tis told :
The warlike Syrian hosts were made to hear,
The sound of horses, chariots, thundering near.

With wild amaze, they trembling, quickly fled,
The city's saved, the famished poor are fed ;
So thus the Lord will guard with kindly care,
His suffering chosen people everywhere.



DESTRUCTION OF SCHENECTADY.

In the war between England and France, the French, when they were in the possession of Canada, incited the Indians to fall on the frontier settlements, and often accompanied them in their expeditions. On February 8th, 1690, a body of 200 French and fifty Mohawk Indians, after marching twenty-two days, came to Schenectady. On Saturday evening, about midnight, the French and Indians entered the place through a gate which had been carelessly left open. In order that every house might be surprised nearly at the same time, they divided themselves into parties of six or seven each. The inhabitants were in a deep sleep, and the first notice they had of the enemy was given by their horrid yells at their doors. In this dreadful surprise and consternation it was in vain to resist, and this wretched people became an easy prey to their enemies after suffering the most horrid atrocities too shocking to relate.

Sixty-three persons were killed and twenty-seven carried into captivity. A few persons effected their escape towards Albany with no other covering but their night clothes, the distress of whose condition was mueh enhanced by a great fall of snow, twenty-five of whom lost their limbs from the severity of the frost.

It was the hour of night,
And weary eyes had closed in quiet sleep,
And hearts were revelling in the visions bright,
The happy dreams that come with slumber's deep:
Stern, wintry freezing midnight reigns around
All, all is hushed in silence, deep, profound.

And far around was spread
The fleecy mantle of the winter's snow,
The trees were stiff with ice: all foliage dead,
And the dark earth lay frozen far below.
No faithful sentry paced their dwellings past,
Or braved that midnight hour, the freezing blast.

There seemed no danger nigh;
And thus they slept, unconscious yet of ill;
Hark, hark! close by, the savage fearful cry
Bursts on the chilly air, the war-cry shrill!
Rouse, rouse from sleep! the foe, the foe is near!
With fearful shouts, their horrid forms appear.

Hear on the midnight air
A voice of wailing with the savage yell,
The child's faint shriek, the mother's dying prayer,
The piercing cry for mercy wildly swell,
And flashing see, where blood in streams is poured
The Indian's tomahawk, and the Frenchman's sword.

Oh, wild and fearful night!
Oh night of horror! thus to usher in
That Sabbath day of rest, of calm delight
Which they were wont with praises to begin,
Now scattered wide, the morning's early glow
Showed blackened ashes round, and blood-stain'd snow.

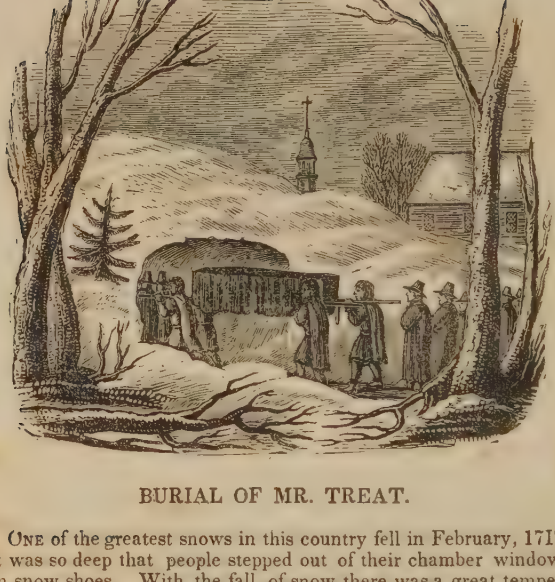
ESCAPE OF THE DUSTAN FAMILY.

On the 15th of March, 1697, the Indians made a desperate attack upon Haverhill, Mass., murdering and capturing nearly forty of the inhabitants. They approached the house of Thomas Dustan, who was at that time engaged at his daily labor. Mr. Dustan hearing the yells of the savages, seized his gun, mounted his horse, and hastened to his house with the hope of hurrying them to a place of safety. His wife (who had been recently confined) was trembling for her safety, and the children weeping and calling on their mother for protection. He instantly ordered seven of his children to fly in an opposite direction from that in which the danger was approaching, and went himself to assist his wife. But he was too late—before she could rise from her bed the Indians were upon them.

Seeing there was no hope of saving his wife, Mr. Dustan mounted his horse, and rode full speed after his flying children. The agonized father supposing it impossible to save but one, determined to seize the one most dear to him and leave the rest to their fate. He looked for the favorite child from the eldest to the youngest but he could not find it, all called him father, and stretched out their little hands toward him for protection. He could not make a selection, and therefore resolved to live or die with them all.

A party of the Indians pursued Mr. Dustan as he fled from the house in pursuit of him and his children. He dismounted from his horse, placed himself in the rear of his children, and returned the fire of the enemy often and with good success. In this manner he retreated for more than a mile, alternately encouraging his children and loading and firing his gun, until they all arrived at a place of safety.

Mrs. Dustan also escaped in a most remarkable manner. After killing her infant, the Indians took her and her nurse off with them to a small island, since called Dustan's Island, in the river above Concord, in New Hampshire. After staying here for a short time, they were informed that they must soon start for a distant settlement, where they would be obliged to run the gauntlet stripped of their clothing. This they determined to avoid or perish in the attempt. Being assisted by an English lad, and arming themselves with tomahawks, they arose in the night, and when the Indians were asleep killed ten of twelve Indians on the island, took off their scalps, sailed down the river and made their escape to the settlements.



BURIAL OF MR. TREAT.

One of the greatest snows in this country fell in February, 1717. It was so deep that people stepped out of their chamber windows on snow shoes. With the fall of snow there was a great tempest which was so violent that all communication with near neighbors for a time ceased. Great numbers of cattle were destroyed, many of whom were found dead standing on their feet as if alive many weeks afterwards, when the snow had melted away.

It was during this storm that Mr. Treat, the first minister at Eastham, on Cape Cod, died. He was distinguished for his evangelical zeal and labors, not only among his own people, but also among the Indians in his vicinity; and he was the instrument of converting many of them to the Christian faith. He learnt their language, visited them at their wigwams, and by his kindness and affability, won their affections; they venerated him as their pastor, and loved him as their father. At the time

of his death the roads were impassable owing to the great depth of snow. His body was therefore kept several days, till an arch could be dug through which it could be borne to the grave, the Indians, at their earnest request, being permitted, in turn, to carry the corpse, and thus pay the last tribute of respect to the remains of their beloved pastor.

They bore him to his grave,
Not through the vallies clothed in smiling green,
They saw not round their path the long grass wave,
Nor the blue sky above, with smiles serene.

They laid him down to rest,
Not in the church-yard where his fathers lay;
No waving willows murmured o'er his breast,
No summer birds made music on the spray.

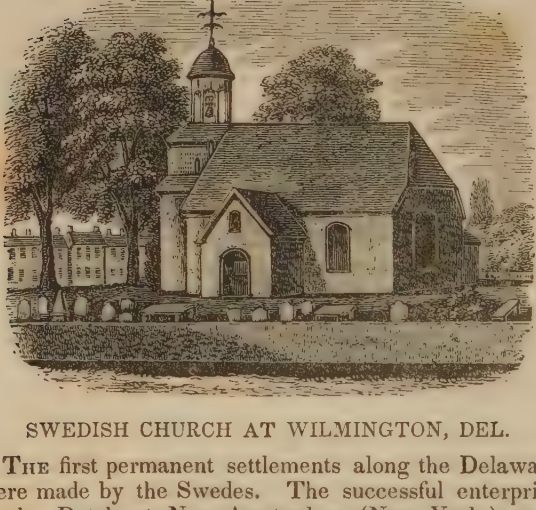
No! through the chilling snow,
Whose fleecy mantle far and wide was spread,
When the cold earth lay frozen far below,
With steps unequal, bore they on their dead.

On through the bitter cold,
The Indians bore their pastor to his rest;
Deep in that snowy mantle's chilly fold,
And the white shroud of winter on his breast.

But in that world of Light,
To which so oft he turned their spirit's gaze,
Trusting that he had joined the Seraphs bright,
That ever dwell 'neath Eden's noontide rays.

Where there shall be no snow,
No tempest blast, but endless summer reigns,
And Life's fair River sparkles in the glow
Of Heaven's own glory o'er these boundless plains!

E. G. B.



SWEDISH CHURCH AT WILMINGTON, DEL.

The first permanent settlements along the Delaware were made by the Swedes. The successful enterprise of the Dutch at New Amsterdam, (New York,) awakened the attention of Gustavus Adolphus, the illustrious monarch of Sweden, who now determined to plant a colony in the new world. His death, in 1632, prevented his main project, but it was revived, on a smaller scale, under the minority of Queen Christiana, and a number of Swedish vessels were sent to the Delaware with colonists. They first landed on a spot near Cape Henlopen, and were so charmed with the appearance of the place that they called it Paradise. They proceeded up the river and made a settlement on Christiana Creek. As "the Swedes never left their religion behind them" they paid the earliest attention to its institutions. The church represented in the engraving was built of stone in 1698, near the banks of the Christiana. It is said that the Swedish women assisted in its erection, by preparing mortar, and conveying it to the workmen.

O'er the Atlantic's wilderness of waters
From the far Northland, cold, and bleak, and dark,
There came a band of Sweden's sons and daughters,
And hither turned their wandering storm-toss'd bark.

Here from the hearths of new found homes repairing,
Thro' long long days of toil, their church they reared,
Here women came, their cheerful labor sharing,
With heart and hand and smile their labor cheered.

Here bowed the matron, and the blue eyed maiden,
And stalwart manhood, stout of heart and hand;
The "faint old man," with years and labor laden,
The grey-haired pastor of the exile band.

And while the shadows, in the east are speading
Their sombre mantle over earth and sea,
With reverent steps, his lowly pathway treading,
Relic of olden time, I come to thee!

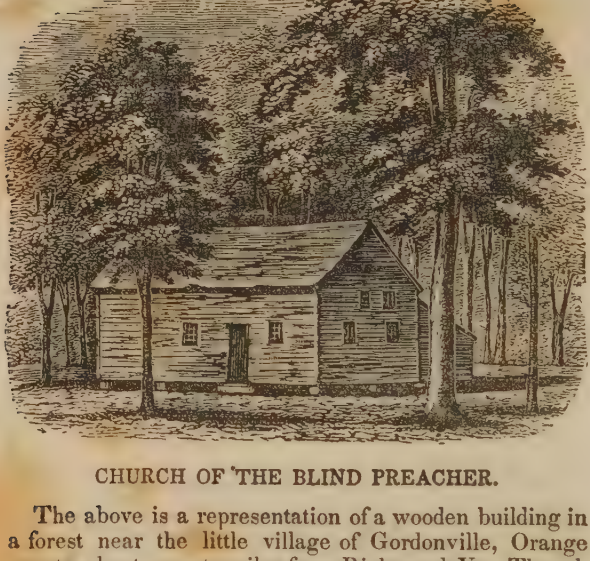
Scathed by the tempest, dark with years, and hoary,
Thy tower is crowned with fading sunlight now,
Pure as the halo, with its golden glory,
Old painters wreathed around some sainted brow.

How changed the scene! the Swedish sires have slumbered
For many a year, beside this silver stream;
Those days of old, by hoary ages numbered,
Have fled with all their changes, like a dream.

In the sweet blush, the snowy sails are gleaming,
Fair Christiana, on thy placid breast,
Floating like white-winged spirits in our dreaming,
Slowly and softly past this place of rest.

Years, that have marked the rise and fall of nations,
Have smiled on Sweden's lone and exile band,
Have seen amid earth's widening generations,
Their beauteous homes that rise in this fair land.

Farewell old church! may coming years long spare thee,
To be as now, a spot of broad renown,
And the green banks of Christiana wear thee,
A fadeless gem, amid old History's crown. E. G. B.



CHURCH OF THE BLIND PREACHER.

The above is a representation of a wooden building in a forest near the little village of Gordonville, Orange county, about seventy miles from Richmond, Va. Though an humble structure, yet it possesses a peculiar interest, from its being the building in which was heard the thrilling eloquence of the "*Blind Preacher*," so enthusiastically described by Mr. Wirt in the celebrated work entitled the "British Spy." This blind preacher was James Waddel, D.D., for a long period a Presbyterian clergyman in Virginia, who died in 1805, at the age of seventy years. In the latter part of his life he was afflicted with blindness, and it was during this period, in 1803, he was heard by Mr. Wirt.

It was one Sunday, (says Mr. Wirt,) as I travelled through the county of Orange, that my eye was caught by a cluster of horses tied near a ruinous old wooden house in the forest, not far from the road side. Having

frequently seen such objects before in travelling through these states, I had no difficulty in understanding that this was a place of religious worship.

Devotion alone should have stopped me, to join in the duties of the congregation; but I must confess to hear the preacher of such a wilderness was not the least of my motives. On entering, I was struck with his preternatural appearance. He was a tall and very spare old man. His head, which was covered with a white linen cap, his shrivelled hands, and his voice, were all shaking under the influence of a palsy; and a few moments ascertained to me that he was perfectly blind.

The first emotions which touched my breast were those of mingled pity and veneration. But ah! sacred God! how soon were all my feelings changed! The lips of Plato were never more worthy of a swarm of bees, than were the lips of this holy man! It was a day of the administration of the sacrament; and his subject, of course, was the passion of our Saviour. I had heard the subject handled a thousand times. I had thought it exhausted long ago. Little did I suppose that in the wild woods of America I was to meet with a man whose eloquence would give to this topic a new and more sublime pathos than I had ever before witnessed.

As he descended from the pulpit to distribute the mystic symbols, there was a peculiar, a more than human solemnity in his air and manner, which made my blood run cold and my whole frame shiver.

He then drew a picture of the sufferings of our Saviour; his trial before Pilate; his ascent up Calvary; his crucifixion, and his death. I knew the whole history; but never, until then, had I heard the circumstances so selected, so arranged, so colored! It was all new, and I seemed to have heard it for the first time in my life. His enunciation was so deliberate that his voice trembled on every syllable, and every heart in the assembly trembled in unison. His peculiar phrases had that force of description that the original scene appeared to be, at that moment, acting before our eyes. We saw the very faces of the Jews: the staring, frightful distortions of malice and rage. We saw the buffet; my soul kindled with a flame of indignation, and my hands were involuntarily and convulsively clenched.

But when he came to touch on the patience, the forgiving meekness of our Saviour; when he drew, to the life, his blessed eyes streaming in tears to heaven; his voice breathing to God a gentle prayer of pardon on his enemies, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do"—the voice of the preacher, which had all along faltered, grew fainter and fainter, until his utterance being

entirely obstructed by the force of his feelings, he raised his handkerchief to his eyes, and burst into a loud and irrepressible flood of grief. The effect is inconceivable. The whole house resounded with the mingled groans, and sobs, and shrieks of the congregation.

It was some time before the tumult had subsided so far as to permit him to proceed. Indeed, judging by the usual, but fallacious stand of my own weakness, I began to be very uneasy for the situation of the preacher. For I could not conceive how he would be able to let his audience down from the height to which he had wound them, without impairing the solemnity and dignity of his subject, or perhaps shocking them by the abruptness of the fall. But—no; the descent was as beautiful and sublime as the elevation had been rapid and enthusiastic.

The first sentence, with which he broke the awful silence, was a quotation from Roussea, "Socrates died like a philosopher, but Jesus Christ like a God."

This man has been before my imagination ever since. A thousand times, as I rode along, I dropped the reins of my bridle, stretched forth my hand, and tried to imitate his quotation from Rousseau; a thousand times I abandoned the attempt in despair, and felt persuaded that his peculiar manner and power arose from an energy of soul which nature could give, but which no human being could justly copy. In short, he seems to be altogether a being of a former age, or of a totally different nature from the rest of men. As I recall, at this moment, several of his striking attitudes, the chilling tide, with which my blood begins to pour along my arteries, reminds me of the emotions produced by the first sight of Gray's introductory picture of his bard:

"On a rock, whose haughty brow,
Frowns o'er old Conway's foaming flood,
Robed in the sable garb of woe,
With haggard eyes the poet stood;
(Loose his beard and hoary hair
Streamed, like a meteor, to the troubled air:)
And with a poet's hand and prophet's fire,
Struck the deep sorrows of his lyre."

THE NEW HAVEN SPECTER SHIP.

The first settlers of New Haven, Conn., were principally merchants from London, men of substance, piety, and moral worth. They intended to found a commercial colony, but the attempt proved unsuccessful. In 1647, they freighted a ship for England, with the greater part of their merchandize, having on board several of their principal men. After cutting for her a passage through the ice, the ship left New Haven harbor in the month of January. She was supposed to have foundered at sea, as she was never heard of afterwards. The following Spring, no tidings having arrived of the ship, the pious people of the Colony were led to pray "that God would let them know (if it was his pleasure) the fate of their friends." In the ensuing June, (as it is related by Rev. Mr. Pierpont,) after a great thunder storm, about an hour before sunset, the sky being serene, a ship like that which they fitted out, appeared in the air, for about half an hour, under full sail, from the mouth of the harbor, directly against the wind. This strange occurrence drew out many spectators. The vessel at length came so near as to be apparently within a stone's throw of those on shore. At this time her masting seemed to be blown off; her hull overset, and finally all appear-

ances vanished into the clear air. It is supposed by some that this appearance in the clouds was caused by a reflection of a ship sailing at the time, on the ocean, south of the harbor. However this may be, the New Haven people considered it as an answer to their prayers, whereby the fate of the vessel and their friends were mercifully made known.

Mid wintry storms and ice, the Pilgrim bark, freighted with forest riches, moves with the swelling sail. The icy barrier strong, removed, she onward plows her way. She bears on board the men of high born souls, and courage bold. Mid mutual prayers and tears, they leave their loved companions on these western wilds, and venture on the ocean wide.

The wintry blasts are hushed. Fair is the opening flower that springs to life amid the withered foilage of the departed year. The summer's sun advances, and the wide earth rejoices in his coming beams. The hills and dales, the forests high and wide, all, all, are clothed in living green. The notes of birds as yet unknown, warble on high at morning's dawn. When evening's shades appear, myriads of voices from the low earth, and shady pools around, lull the tired laborer to repose.

Oft to the south, the pilgrims turn their eyes to see the swelling sail coming with those they love. They look in vain! The ocean rises and falls again: now roaring, foaming, lashed into fury by the whirlwind storm, or in calm repose with glassy surface, brightly gleaming 'neath the noontide sun, or in the softer beams of the pale moon by night.

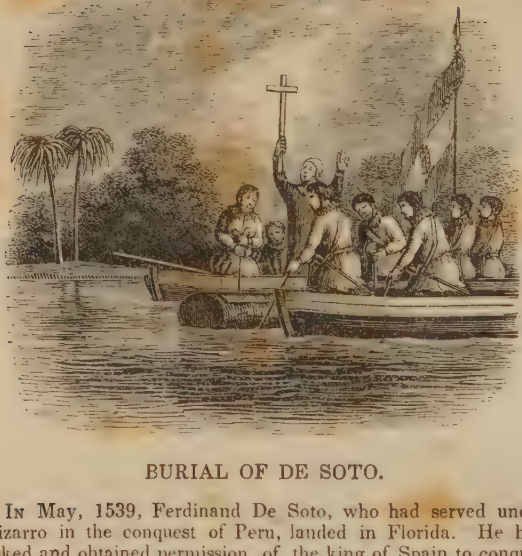
Summer advances; and the earth gives promise of the harvest full. But the hope of the lone strangers grows lesser still, for those that ventured

on the mighty deep. ——— Their thoughts arise to Him who holds the winds and waves, and rules above, below. With due submission to His will, they ask to know the fate of those they love.

——— The heavens grow black with clouds; the lightnings flash, the thunder rolls; the storm roars wildly round. ——— The storm is o'er; the winds are still. The herbs and flowers with rainbow hues display their beauty bright; the tall tree lifts its green head on high, and all the earth around is clad in beauteous green, and every herb, and flower, and tree, praise Him above, with falling tears of joy, that glisten in the parting beams of day.

A sight, now passing strange, appears! On to the south, mid cloudy vapors high, a ship with swelling sails is seen. Onward she comes direct against th' opposing breeze. Nearer, and to the wondering eye the long lost ship appears. But lo! the shadowy form now fast dissolves. The masts are blown away. The bark so bravely riding, is seen dismantled, and overturning soon in shadowy mists ascends on high.

The pilgrim prayer is heard. —— They read its answer in the misty cloud. Their ship is wrecked amid the mighty waters, and their friends have sunk into their ocean graves amid the foaming billows. —— Great God! unfathomed are thy ways, yet we believe thee good and kind. Though loud the tempest howls, though lightnings flash, and the loud thunders shake creation wide, yet calmly on thy throne above, thou rulest all, and doest all things well.



BURIAL OF DE SOTO.

In May, 1539, Ferdinand De Soto, who had served under Pizarro in the conquest of Peru, landed in Florida. He had asked and obtained permission of the king of Spain to conquer Florida, at his own cost. Lured by the hope of finding gold, a body of upwards of thirteen hundred men were collected, many of whom were of the nobility of Spain. He penetrated into the country northward of the Gulf of Mexico, and wandered about in search of the precious metals, exposed to famine, hardships, and opposition of the natives. In this extraordinary expedition of more than four years' duration, more than half the men perished. Having arrived at the mouth of Red River, on the Mississippi, De Soto died under the weight of his troubles, and his companions, to conceal his death from the Indians, sunk his remains in a hollow oak in the waters of the Mississippi.

Not with the proud array,
That through the forest in its splendor passed,
The whispering pines, high arching o'er their way,
And the bright banners to the breezes cast.

When came the soldier brave,
The cavalier with glancing sword and plume,
The flower of chivalry, from o'er the wave,
Where Spain's bright bowers in fadeless beauty bloom.

The dark robed priest was there,
Bearing the cross amid that soldier band;
The trumpet's thrilling voice burst through the air,
And joyous voices hailed this new found land.

There pranced the fiery steed,
The Andalusian charger, o'er the sod,
Proudly, as bearing home to glory's meed,
His lord, the fields of old Castile he trod.

And smiling far away,
Wooing them on, still on, to orange bowers;
In the blue distance Louisiana lay,
And all their path wound through a land of flowers

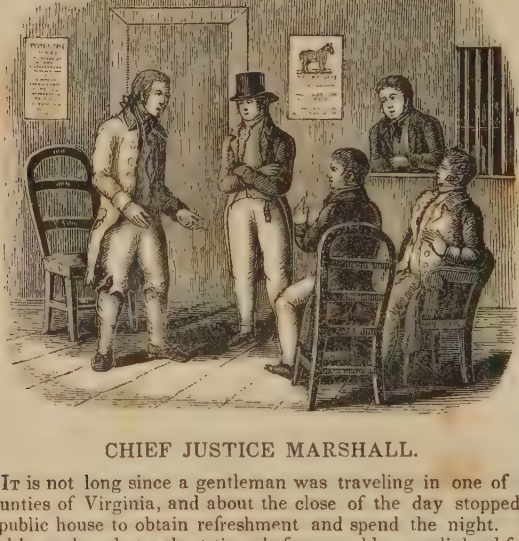
Not with this proud array,
They bore De Soto near the flowing tide,
From where within his soldier's camp he lay,
And none dare weep when this brave soldier died.

In Mississippi's wave,
Where its dark water's turbid currents flow,
The hollow oak his coffin, and his grave
The river's bed, full many a fathom low.

Where were the visions bright
That bade his followers hearts beat proud and high?
All vanished, bearing with them in their flight,
The thought of conquest, power, and pageantry.

So fade the dreams of earth,
The golden dreams of pride, and pomp, and power,
Perish alike with hopes that gave them birth,
The fair, frail offspring of a parting hour.

E. G. B.



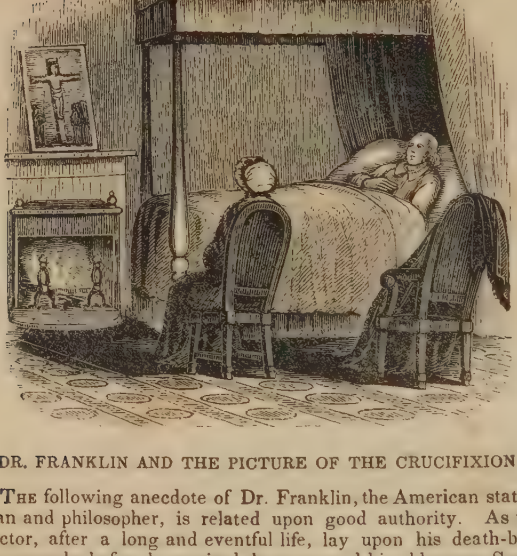
CHIEF JUSTICE MARSHALL.

It is not long since a gentleman was traveling in one of the counties of Virginia, and about the close of the day stopped at a public house to obtain refreshment and spend the night. He had been there but a short time, before an old man alighted from his gig, with the apparent intention of becoming a fellow guest with him at the same house. As the old man drove up, he observed that both the shafts of his gig were broken, and that they were held together by withes formed from the bark of a hickory sapling. Our traveler observed further that he was plainly clad, that his knee buckles were loosened, and that something like negligence pervaded his dress. Conceiving him to be one of the honest yeomanry of our land, the courtesies of strangers passed between them, and they entered the tavern. It was about the same time that an addition of three or four young gentlemen was made to their number; most, if not all of them of legal profession.

As soon as they became conveniently accommodated, the conversation was turned, by one of the latter, upon an eloquent harangue which had that day been displayed at the bar. It was replied by the other, that he had witnessed, the same day, a de-

gree of eloquence no doubt equal, but that it was from the pulpit. Something like a sarcastic rejoinder was made to the eloquence of the pulpit; and a warm and able altercation ensued, in which the merits of the Christian religion became the subject of discussion. From 6 o'clock until 11, the young champions wielded the sword of argument, adducing, with ingenuity and ability, every thing that could be said, pro and con. During this protracted period, the old gentleman listened with all the meekness and modesty of a child, as if he was adding new information to the stores of his own mind; or perhaps, he was observing, with philosophic eyes, the faculties of the youthful mind, and how new energies are evolved by repeated action; or, perhaps, with patriotic emotion, he was reflecting upon the future destinies of his country, and on the rising generation upon whom those destinies must devolve; or, most probably, with a sentiment of moral and religious feeling, he was collecting an argument, which, characteristic of himself, no art would be "able to elude, and no force to resist." Our traveler remained a spectator, and took no part in what was said.

At last one of the young men, remarking that it was impossible to combat with long and established prejudices, wheeled around, and with some familiarity exclaimed, "Well, my old gentleman, what think you of these things?" If, said the traveler, a streak of vivid lightning had at that moment crossed the room, their amazement could not have been greater than it was with what followed. The most eloquent and unanswerable appeal was made for nearly an hour by the old gentleman that he had ever heard or read; so perfect was his recollection that every argument urged against the Christian religion, was met in *the order* in which it was advanced. Hume's sophistry on the subject of miracles was, if possible, more perfectly answered than it had already been by Campbell. And in the whole lecture there was so much simplicity and energy, pathos and sublimity, that *not another word was uttered*. An attempt to describe it, said the traveler, would be an attempt to paint the sunbeams. It was immediately a matter of curiosity and inquiry who the old gentleman was; the traveler concluded it was the preacher, from whom the pulpit eloquence had been heard; but no, it was the CHIEF JUSTICE OF THE UNITED STATES.—*American Anecdotes.*



DR. FRANKLIN AND THE PICTURE OF THE CRUCIFIXION

The following anecdote of Dr. Franklin, the American statesman and philosopher, is related upon good authority. As the doctor, after a long and eventful life, lay upon his death-bed, some weeks before he expired, he requested his old nurse, Sarah Humphries, of the Society of Friends, to bring into his room a picture of the crucifixion which he had in his collection. His face brightened up as he looked at it; and he said, "Aye, Sarah, there's a picture worth looking at! that's the picture of Him who came into the world to teach men to love one another!" He requested her to put it up over the mantel piece, where he could see it constantly as he lay in his bed. He was often times observed looking at it with attention, and it appears that his last look was directed to the representation of Him "who went about doing good."

"Place it before my failing eyes,
That I may view in silence now,
The suffering victim as he dies,
The streaming side, the saint-like brow.

'Tis he, the wonderous Son of God,
Who from the Father's throne above,
The paths of earth in meekness trod,
And taught us here that "God is love."

'Tis he, whose yearning heart could feel
The tears, the woes of all mankind:
Who came the sick, the maimed to heal,
And pardon for the guilty find."

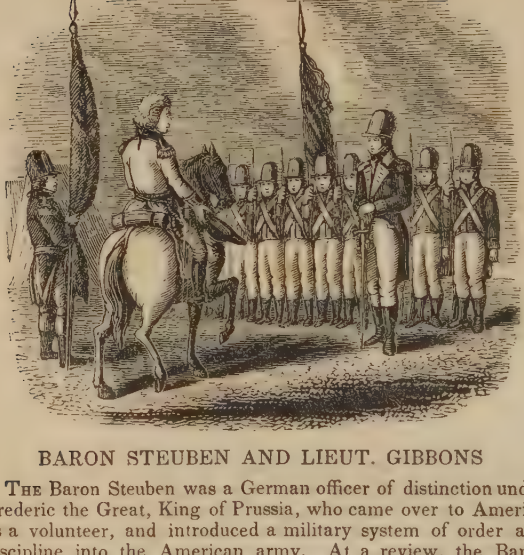
So spake the statesman, in the hour
Which closes life's eventful day,
When its bright dreams of fame and power,
Like morning vapors pass away.

Around his brow, the wreath of fame
A nation's hand had proudly placed:
In other lands, a Franklin's name
On glory's brilliant page was traced.

Yet not his philosophic themes,
Nor Science, with enlightening power,
Nor manhood's proud and lofty dreams,
Could cheer like this his dying hour.

No precepts of a by-gone age,
No schemes of proud philosophy,
No ancient hero, saint, or sage,
Could boast of deeds so great and high.

What love so sacred, so sincere!
For enemies, the God-like died!
"Oh! let me see, and feel him near,
Oh! let me view the crucified."



BARON STEUBEN AND LIEUT. GIBBONS

The Baron Steuben was a German officer of distinction under Frederic the Great, King of Prussia, who came over to America as a volunteer, and introduced a military system of order and discipline into the American army. At a review, the Baron caused Lieut. Gibbons, a brave and valuable officer, to be arrested and ordered into the rear, for a fault which it appeared afterwards another had committed. At a proper moment, the commander of the regiment came forward and informed the Baron of his mistake, and of Lieut. Gibbons' accute feelings under his unmerited disgrace. "Desire him to come to the front," said the Baron. Taking off his hat, although raining at the time, he, addressing the lieutenant, said: "Sir, the mistake which was made, might, in the presence of an enemy, been attended with fatal consequences. I arrested you as its author, but I have reason to believe I was mistaken. I therefore ask your pardon. Return to your command. I would not deal unjustly by any; much less by one whose character as an officer is so respectable."

"After the capture at Yorktown, the superior officers of the American army, together with their allies,

vied with each other in acts of civility and attention to the captive Britons. Entertainments were given by all the major-generals except Baron Steuben. He was above prejudice or meanness, but poverty prevented him from displaying that liberality towards them which had been shown by others. Such was his situation, when, calling on Col. Stewart, and informing him of his intention to entertain Lord Cornwallis, he requested that he would advance a sum of money, as the price of his favorite charger. '"Tis a good beast,' said the baron, 'and has proved a faithful servant through all the dangers of the war; but, though painful to my heart, we must part.' Col. Stewart immediately tendered him his purse, recommending the sale or pledge of his watch, should the sum prove insufficient. 'My dear friend,' replied the baron, ''tis already sold. Poor North was sick, and wanted necessaries. He is a brave fellow, and possesses the best of hearts. The trifle it brought is set apart for his use. My horse must go—so no more. I beseech you not to turn me from my purpose. I am a major-general in the service of the United States; and my private convenience must not be put in a scale with the duty which my ranks imperiously calls upon me to perform.'"

The principal part of the town of Steuben, in Oneida County, State of New York, was granted to Baron Steuben for his services in the revolutionary war. He resided on his farm on this tract till his death. The annexed inscription to his memory was formerly on a tablet on the wall of the German Lutheran Church in the city of New York:—

"Sacred to the memory of Frederick William Augustus Baron Steuben, a German; knight of the order of fidelity; aid-de-camp to Frederick the Great, king of Prussia; major-general and inspector-general in the revolutionary war; esteemed, respected, and supported by Washington. He gave military skill and discipline to the citizen soldiers, who, fulfilling the decrees of heaven, achieved the independence of the United States. The highly polished manners of the baron were graced by the most noble feelings of the heart. His hand, open as day for melting charity, closed only in the strong grasp of death. This memorial is inscribed by an American, who had the honor to be his aid-de-camp, the happiness to be his friend. Ob. 1795."

THE FAITHFUL INDIAN MESSENGER.

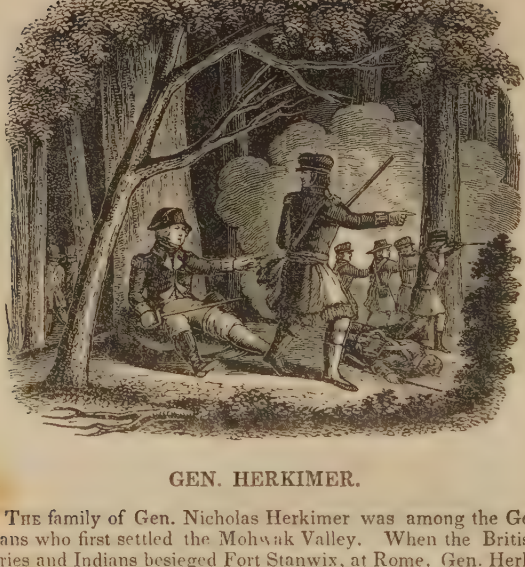
In 1788, a number of the citizens of Massachusetts sent a Committee into the Indian country of the Six Nations, to treat with the natives for a tract of land. After the Committee had arrived it became necessary for one of them (Major Schuyler) to write to the commanding officer at Fort Niagara for his assistance to negociate the treaty. An Indian messenger undertook to carry the letter to Niagara, and bring back the answer. In the meantime, Maj. Schuyler was taken sick, and sent towards Albany. The messenger returned with a letter to Maj. Schuyler, and not observing him among the Committee, refused to deliver it to any one else. They offered him fifty dollars if he would deliver it; but he spurned the offer. They then threatened to take it by force. When this was interpreted to him, he sternly clenched the letter in one hand, and his knife in the other, threatened "*he would plunge it into his own breast before he would be guilty of a breach of trust.*" He was accordingly suffered to go after Major Schuyler, and perform his engagement.

Oh! not alone on Christian ground
The noblest hearts are found,

Nor Nature's dark untutored child,
On desert sands, or forest wild,
In God's own image made, retains
Some gleams of brightness mid his stains;
Some scattered wrecks of the divine,
That in his fallen nature shine.

So with the forest's dusky child,
Though reared in regions dark and wild,
Though known not by a Christian name,
Untaught what Honor's laws may claim,
His noble soul no bribe can lure,
He holds his missive still secure,
No threats can shake his purpose true,
No dazzling gold can tempt his view;
Nay, rather than be false, to die
Defending his fidelity.

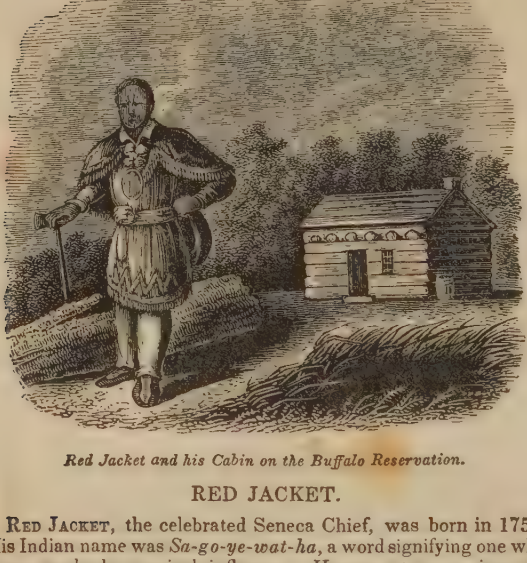
If this untutored savage heart
Thus nobly acts the Hero's part,
How we who bear the Christian name,
Should view the scene and blush with shame;
If from our path we turn aside,
Allured by wealth, or pomp, or pride.
Be ours through life the purpose high,
To nobly act our part, or die!
Like Abdiel, what e'er surround,
"Faithful amid the faithless found."



GEN. HERKIMER.

The family of Gen. Nicholas Herkimer was among the Germans who first settled the Mohawk Valley. When the British, tories and Indians besieged Fort Stanwix, at Rome, Gen. Herkimer summoned the militia to march to the relief of the garrison. On the 5th of August, 1777, having arrived at Oriskany, he determined to halt for reinforcements. Some of his principal officers, eager to press forward, began to denounce their commander as a tory and coward. The brave old man calmly replied, that he considered himself placed over them as a father, and did not wish to lead them into any difficulty from which they could not be extricated. Their clamor however increased, and their general being stung by their reproaches, at length gave the order to "march on." They soon fell into an ambuscade of the enemy, and a most bloody fight ensued; the officers so eager for the conflict were the first to flee. Gen. Herkimer fell wounded in the early part of the action, and was placed on his saddle against the trunk of a tree for a support, where, exclaiming, "*I will face the enemy*," he continued for six hours to issue his orders with firmness and decision.

After the battle was over, he was conveyed to his house, below Little Falls on the Mohawk, on a litter, "where," says Col. Stone, "his leg, which had been shattered five or six inches below the knee, was amputated about ten days after the battle, by a young French surgeon in the army of Gen. Arnold, and contrary to the advice of the general's own medical adviser, the late Dr. Petrie. But the operation was unskillfully performed, and it was found impossible by his attendants to staunch the blood. Col. Willet called to see the general soon after the operation. He was sitting up in his bed, with a pipe in his mouth, smoking, and talking in excellent spirits. He died the night following that visit. His friend, Col. John Roff, was present at the amputation, and affirmed that he bore the operation with uncommon fortitude. He was likewise with him at the time of his death. The blood continuing to flow—there being no physician in immediate attendance—and being himself satisfied that the time of his departure was nigh, the veteran directed the Holy Bible to be brought to him. He then opened it and read, in the presence of those who surrounded his bed, with all the composure which it was possible for any man to exhibit, the 38th psalm—applying it his own situation. He soon after expired; and it may well be to questioned whether the annals of man furnish a more striking example of Christian heroism—calm, deliberate, and firm in the hour of death—than is presented in this remarkable instance. Of the early history of Gen. Herkimer, but little is known. It has been already stated that his family was one of the first of the Germans who planted themselves in the Mohawk valley. And the massive stone mansion, yet standing at German Flatts, bespeaks its early opulence. He was an uneducated man—with, if possible, less skill in letters, even than Gen. Putnam, which is saying much. But he was, nevertheless, a man of strong and vigorous understanding—destitute of some of the essential requisites of generalship, but of the most cool and dauntless courage. These traits were all strikingly disclosed in the brief and bloody expedition to Oriskany. But he must have been well acquainted with that most important of all books—THE BIBLE. Nor could the most learned biblical scholar, lay or clerical, have selected a portion of the Sacred Scriptures more exactly appropriate to the situation of the dying soldier, than that to which he himself spontaneously turned. If Socrates died like a philosopher, and Rousseau like an unbelieving sentimentalist, Gen. Herkimer died like a CHRISTIAN HERO."



Red Jacket and his Cabin on the Buffalo Reservation.

RED JACKET.

Red Jacket, the celebrated Seneca Chief, was born in 1756. His Indian name was *Sa-go-ye-wat-ha*, a word signifying one who keeps awake by magical influence. He was a true specimen of the Indian character, as a chief, and as an orator. He was the foe of the white man. His nation was his god. He died on the Buffalo Reservation in 1832. A short time previous to his death, he went around among his people, at their cabins, and told them that he was passing away, and his counsels would soon be heard no more, and the craft and avarice of the white men would prevail. "Many winters," said he, "I have breasted the storm, but I am an aged tree, and can stand no longer; my leaves are fallen, and soon my aged trunk will be prostrate. I go to join the spirits of my fathers, but my heart fails when I think of my people, who are soon to be scattered and forgotten." His tribe was divided into two parties, one called the *Pagan*, the other *Christian*. He belonged to the Pagan, while his wife belonged to the Christian party. During the last sickness of Red Jacket, there seemed to be quite a change in his feelings respect-

ing Christianity. He repeatedly remarked to his wife, he was sorry he had persecuted her—that she was right and he wrong, and as his dying advice told her, "*Persevere in your religion, it is the right way.*"

The home of our Fathers' shall know us no more,
We are passing away from the hill and the shore,
We leave the green meadows, the rock and the stream,
For the days of our glory have passed like a dream.

A nation of strangers is taking our place,
But none will lament for the red man's lost race,
Like the light of the sun at the close of the day,
Like the dew and the mist, we are passing away.

A tree of the forest, no more I shall brave
The tempests of winter, that over me rave,
My branches all withered, my foliage all strown,
I soon shall lie prostrate, decaying and lone.

I go to the land of the Spirits above,
And there shall my feet through their hunting grounds rove.
So spake the old chieftain, as onward he strayed
Mid the homes of his tribe, by the stream and the glade.

Dark sons of the forest, as widely ne roam,
From the woods and the streams, that of old were your home,
As the homes of the white man spread wide through the land,
And the forests behind you are bowed by his hand:

May the sunshine of faith on your vision arise,
Which guides to a lovelier land in the skies;
The hope that is changeless, your twilight illume,
And gild, with its brightness, your path through the tomb.

E. G. B.

TWO HONEST MEN.

MANY years since, two aged men living near, or in the State of Pennsylvania, traded, or in the common phrase, "swapped horses," on this condition, that after a week's trial of each other's animals, the one who thought he had the best of the bargain, should pay to the other two bushels or bags of wheat. The time of trial having expired, the two men loaded their horses with the wheat, and as it happened met each other about half way from their respective homes. "Where art thou going?" said one. "To thy house with the wheat," answered the other. "And whither art thou riding?" "Truly," replied the first, "I was taking the grain to thy house." Each pleased with his bargain thought the wheat justly due his neighbor, and was going to pay it.

TRUE Honesty 's a virtue rare,
Too little seen on earth;
Many its praises may declare,
But few show forth its worth.

"'Tis naught, 'tis naught," the buyer says,
"The quality is poor,
'Tis worth but half the price," but strives
The bargain to secure.

But when the bargain he has made,
And gained the end in view,
He straitway boasts his skill in trade,
What cunning craft can do.

Two men in Pennsylvania State,
Of Honesty possessed,
Their horses "swapped," but could not tell
Which horse would prove the best

Loving their neighbor as themselves,
They sought each other's good,
And so with friendly hearts agreed,
This plan was understood:

Should one his bargain chance to find
The best, two bags of grain
Should be the surplus he would bring,
To make it right again.

Each thought his neighbor's horse the best,
Each proved an honest man,
For each concluded now to act,
Upon their settled plan.

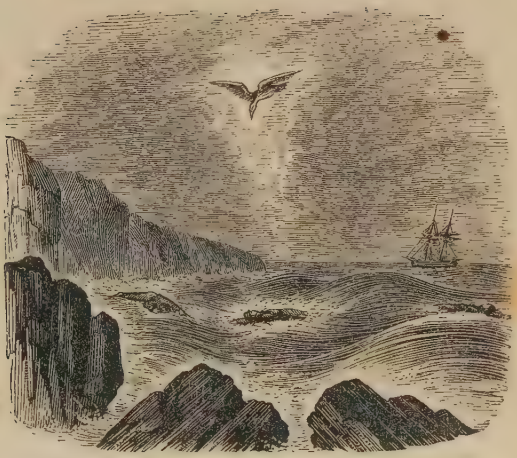
Said one, "I think in this affair
I have th' advantage quite;
And so in duty bound, I'll go
And make the matter right.'

He took his wheat, away he went
His journey to pursue,
When lo! half way he met his friend
Mounted, and loaded too.

"I'm glad to see thee, friend," he cried,
"As we our word have given,
I find my bargain proved the best,
This grain will make it even."

With much surprise his friend replied,
"My errand is the same,
My trade was best, to bring *your* due,
Loaded like you, I came."

How they at last the matter fixed,
We know not; but 'tis plain,
That mid the tricks and arts of trade,
Some Honesty remains.



DEATH OF LIEUT. WOODWARD—*Oregon.*

SINCE the commencement of this publication, the authors, with many others, have been called to mourn with the widow and fatherless, for the loss of a husband and father, on the distant shores of the Pacific. Lieut. K. S. Woodward was an officer of much promise in the U. S. Revenue Service, esteemed and respected by his associates. Above all, he was a decided Christian, "firm for his God to live or die." On account of his nautical skill, he was entrusted with the command of the U. S. schooner Patuxent, to cruise on the dangerous coast of California and Oregon, above San Francisco. On Nov. 9th, 1850, while engaged in the perilous undertaking of sounding a passage through the surf at the mouth of Klamet river, in Southern Oregon, his boat was upset, and after an ineffectual struggle in a foaming sea, perished in the service of his country, at the age of thirty-four. His remains were recovered, and buried near the place where he was lost.

FAR onward to the setting sun, to where the broad Pacific waters, vast and deep, foam, dash and roar, from thence the mournful tidings come!

We ne'er shall see him more! He whom we loved so well, lies cold and lonely on that rock-bound shore!

Far onward to the setting sun,
From the Pacific's rock-bound shore,
Of him we love, the tidings come,
"On earth we ne'er shall see him more."

No warrior's crown, bedimmed with tears and blood: No rolling drum, speaking of war's dread trade: nor trumpet voice of Fame, moved thee onward. No. Duty to those most dear; duty to thy country and thy God, impelled thee to this distant sea.

No warrior's crown, bedimmed with blood,
Nor Fame allured thee thus from home;
Love to thine own, duty to God,
Impelled thee far abroad to roam.

A seaman's and a Christian's heart was thine. Generous and brave, with high resolve, thou didst not fear to own thy Master, though a world might frown or sneer. On land and sea, 'mongst high and low, firm to thy purpose, still for God to live and die!

A Christian seaman's heart was thine,
Noble and brave, that knew no fears;
Thou darest to own God's truth divine,
'Mid high or low, 'mid frowns or sneers.

Thy God did try thee, and he found thee steadfast still. It is enough. No more thy Master tries thee here. Temptation shall no more assail, nor trials move thee more. Man is but mortal here. From future ills, thy God and Father summons thee above.

Thy Master tried thee—found thee true,
Finished thy toils: thy work is done,
No more on earth for thee to do:
The final victory now is won.

A seaman's death was thine! No mortal hands removed thee hence. Out on thy ocean

home, amid the roar and foam of God's own mighty sea, the summons came. Vain is the help, or skill, or power of man. Thy God hath called thee, for thy time hath come!

A seaman's death on ocean's wave
Was thine, from early years thy home.
Thy summons came, no power could save,
God called thee! for thy hour had come!

High rise the fearful billows, swelling, foaming, dashing on the adamantine shore! The sea-bird screams above the rolling waters. The winds howl round, and the vast sea in its tumultuous roar, joining, will sound thy ceaseless dirge!

High rise the billows 'gainst the shore;
Tumultuous moans the foaming surge;
The sea-bird's scream, the sea's wild roar,
Shall sound thy ceaseless funeral dirge!

Safe in the bosom of thy God, we have no tears to shed for thee. But who shall break the tidings dire, to the lone widow and orphans far away. Their souls were one. Great God! be thou their strength and shield, through this dark vale of tears!

Safe in the bosom of thy God,
We have no tears to shed for thee;
To those who feel thy chastening rod,
A Husband and a Father be.

There rest awhile, my son. On that wild and rugged shore, angelic beings watch thy dust. When the last trump shall sound, and the roll-call from the Book of Life is heard, then wilt thou answer from thy lowly bed, and in the twinkling of an eye, wilt rise and stand among the chosen ones of God!

There rest, my brother, on that shore,
Till Life's roll-call shall waken thee;
Thy form all glorious, up shall soar,
Forever with thy God to be.

J. W. B. and E. G. B.

ADDED IN MARCH, 1851.

The New Haven Specter Ship, . . . 205

Burial of De Soto, ... 208

Chief Justice Marshall, ... 210

Dr. Franklin and the Picture of the Crucifixion, ... 212

Baron Steuben and Lieut. Gibbons, . . . 214

The Faithful Indian Messenger, . . . 216

Gen. Herkimer, ... 218

Red Jacket, ... 220

Two Honest Men, ... 222

Death of Lieut. Woodward—Oregon, . . 225